

# HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

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## THE EXILES.

AMONG the many meliorations vouchsafed to humanity in this blessed country of ours is the privilege of always living upon the soil on which we are born. Every other nation of the world, both in ancient and modern times, has inflicted upon its citizens the penalty of exile as a punishment; most frequently this has been done, and most appropriately too, as an atonement for political offenses; England, however, makes exiles of all kinds of malefactors from the patriot who attempts to free the country of its abuses, down to the peasant whose only offense is the shooting of game to provide food for his hungry little ones. The United States have never yet exiled one of their citizens. But they have become the home of the exiles of nearly every nation of the earth. In reality our fathers were all exiles, and the name has a widely different sound in our ears to what it has in those of an European. To them it conveys the idea of a criminal, to us of a hero who loves truth and freedom better than kindred or country. Thousands of such have landed upon our shores who might have exclaimed: *PATRIA CARA CARIOR LIBERTAS*. The recent revolutions of Europe have sent many such noble spirits to us, and many more are wending hither to perpetuate the love of freedom and keep alive the traditional hatred of wrong and oppression, which every American boasts of as an inheritance, even though he imposes upon others the bonds which he could not be made to wear himself. After all we fear that liberty is not a thing to be given away, it must be taken. A nation that is fit for freedom will be free.

The cut which forms our frontispiece will be suggestive of many sweet and melancholy remembrances to thousands among our readers whose eyes will rest upon it. A noble ship is under way, her topsails sheeted home, her top-gallant sails and royals gracefully swell before the favoring breeze, her flags float gaily in the air, the land is fast sinking below the horizon, and before long many a weeping eye will have gazed for the last time on the only spot upon earth that could have gladdened it, and many a heavy heart will have sighed in bitterness of grief,

"My native land good night."

There is now but a gentle breeze that wafts the brave ship on her course, and the rippling waves scarce move the vast hull as it cuts through them, dashing aside the spray, which falls in diamond showers around the black prow. But in the morning the scene will be changed, the land will be gone, the ship will be tossed uneasily upon the tumultuous waves; a "sea change" will have overcome everything and the EXILES will open their eyes upon a watery world, which to some will seem as dreary as their own prospects, and to others as full of bounding life and freedom as their hopes of the future.

There is no change in life so great, so full of startling novelty as that from the land to the sea. While you remain in sight of land, though it may be but a dim blue line in the horizon, looking more like vapor than the firm earth, you feel that you still belong to the world you have been used to inhabit; but when even that small speck disappears, and as you look round you can see no vestige of land, nothing but the ever-heaving billows, hear no sounds but the dashing of waves, the most trifling mind is impressed with a sense of seriousness at thus drifting out upon chaos apart from all the world, and beyond the reach of succor or assistance. Sailors are always serious, and it is no wonder, for, in the impressive words of the psalmist, they go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.

Happy are the exiles of the Old World who land upon our shores where the blessings of a free government, and the fruits of a free soil soon obliterate all the sad feelings that absence from home causes in the heart of the wanderer. It is said that Swiss peasants have died of grief on being taken from their native hills, but we have seen many exiles from the Land of Tell in this country, and we do not remember having encountered one who did not brave his exile with a cheerful fortitude that appeared very much like a love for it.—We are inclined to believe that the greater part of them would be extremely unhappy at the thought of returning to their native mountains.

## A STRAY CHAPTER ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

"Oh! magic of love! unembellished by you,  
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?  
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,  
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?"—MOORE.

FEW topics have more frequently enlisted the attention of writers and readers, than that which we have chosen for free discussion, in the following pages: yet although Cupid cannot be said to be young, he is not in the least the worse for wear,—his locks are still golden, his cheeks glowing and the bright kindling glance of his eye is as radiant as ever—while his votaries are even more numerous than they have been in any previous age of the world: and we therefore venture to hope that if some things we may adduce may be deemed trite, others may not prove altogether uninteresting at least to our fair friends. First let us premise that we do not intend to inflict upon the patience of the reader a grave homily on this delicate subject, but rather a gossiping colloquial sketch of the felicities and infelicities of the estate matrimonial and its counterpart—celibacy, with an accompaniment of illustrative facts and anecdotes. Marriage has been designated an episode in the life of man,—an epoch in that of woman: it is certainly a most important crisis in the history of both, for it generally causes a strange metamorphosis in their habits and circumstances, if not in their very characters also.

"The happy minglement of hearts  
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,  
Each with its own existence parts  
To find a new one happier far."

A subject so rife with interest, it is believed, can never become obsolete or written out, so long as glazed cards, tied with white satin, with a choice packet of bride-cake, fails not to excite the curious gaze of the fair sex: if therefore our desultory remarks prove unacceptable, we shall have to bear the blame, as the theme itself is invested with ever-enduring charms and attractions.

As there will be little danger of disloyalty to the sex on the part of the writer, he having passed the rubicon, which divides married life from the single, there can be no hesitation in admitting, with Campbell, that

"Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!  
\* \* \* \* \* the garden was a wild,—  
And man—a hermit, sighed, till woman smiled!"

It may not, by the way, be generally known that, according to Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon,

the primeval name, *Eve*, is derived from a root which signifies *to talk*:—a fact which may possibly account for the admitted free indulgence of the faculty by the sex, and to which also may be traced the origin of the phrase—"a woman's privilege." We confess we do not see why the dear creatures should be denied the exercise of their prerogative, for they generally talk with more "pith, point and pathos," and their bird-like, gentle voices sound far more musical than do those of the opposite sex. But where all the graces vie with each other for preëminence, it is vain for us to signalize a single charm: for, in the words of Anacreon *Moore*, we may exclaim—

"Woman, dear woman, still the same,  
While lips are balm and looks are flame,  
While man possesses heart or eyes,  
Woman's bright empire never dies!"

It has been said that while *Adam* was created *without* Paradise, *Eve* was created *within* the sacred enclosure; and that consequently the former always retains something of the original earthiness of his origin; while woman,

"The precious porcelain of human clay,"

exhibits more of the refining process both as to her physical and moral nature.

"If," says *Mathew Henry*, "man is the head, she is the crown. Woman was formed of a rib out of the side of Adam, to be equal with him,—under the arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved." The world has, in the main, endorsed the sentiment of this worthy divine, although it has been ungraciously insinuated by others, that, since she emanated from a rib, and nobody ever saw one quite straight, it is absurd to expect to find a woman otherwise than crooked herself; and that it is useless to attempt making crooked things straight. But this, as we have already intimated, is a calumny upon the fair being whom Byron compares to

"The rainbow mid the storms of life!  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,  
And tints the morrow with prophetic ray!"

Southey says, "take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world would be palsied:

"This is the salt unto humanity,  
That keeps it sweet."

How many an apostrophe have the poets indited to love; they have been ever martyrs to the cause of Cupid, enduring more exquisite torments on his behalf, than the ingenuity of evil men or fiends ever invented, during the dark ages of persecution. In a virtuous heart, however, its influence is sedative, sanative and preservative—a drop of the true elixir, no mithridate so effectual against the infection of vice. Love, they say, invented the art of tracing likenesses, and thereby led the way to portrait painting. Some painters it has certainly made; whether it ever made a poet may be doubted; but there can be no question that under its inspiration more bad poetry has been produced than by any or all other causes. But, on the other hand, if love has produced the worst of poets, that same simple love has made beyond comparison the best of letter writers. In love poems, conceits are distilled from the head; in love letters, feelings flow freshly from the heart. Assuming that these free utterances are genuine, how would that “excellent mystery”—wedded life, irradiate the world with its blessed influences, were the generous impulses and sentiments of courtship, but perpetuated in all their exuberant fullness during the sequel of marriage.

The dream of life indeed can last with none of us:

“As if the thing beloved were all a saint,  
And every place she entered were a shrine;”

but it must be our own fault, when it has passed away, if the realities disappoint us; they are not “weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,” unless we ourselves render them so. Little do they know of human nature who speak of marriage as doubling our pleasures and dividing our griefs; it doubles, or more than doubles, both. Byron, rather an equivocal authority on such a subject, it must be conceded, used to affirm that a man ought to marry by all means; although he admitted, as in his own instance, that a great proportion were infelicitous. But we need not seek for human authorities, the divine ordinance dates its origin in Eden, and comes down to us sanctioned by Heaven itself, as rife now with hallowed influences as at its first institution in the infancy of time. From the marriage relation spring those gentle charities and kindly offices of domestic affection, which temper the stern austerities and selfish maxims of the world; while they serve also to help our faith in a future blissful state of being of which they are type and harbinger. It is the sanctuary of the domestic circle, which links heart to heart in a hallowed compact, whence well up those genial affections of our better nature, that fertilize the barren wastes of fallen humanity and bless the world. If there

be a sacred spot on earth, over which angels may be supposed fondly to linger, and scatter the sweet incense of heavenly blessing from their hovering wings, it must be the sanctuary of a consecrated home. The surest safeguard against interruptions to domestic concord, is the habit of wearing a smiling face; it will prove the panacea for every ill—the antidote for every sorrow; and who that has felt the luxury of thus conferring happiness, and chasing from the brow a shadow and the heart a grief, would grudge the effort for so rich a boon? What spectacle can be imagined more touchingly beautiful or impressive than that which the marriage ceremony presents? To witness the voluntary consecration of two intelligent beings on the altar of mutual faith and affection—the union of their lives and fortunes in a solemn covenant which naught but death may dissolve, is indeed a scene of surpassing interest. That many instances of an unfelicitous kind have occurred, cannot be denied, but it is no less true that in the great majority of cases the marriage union has been productive of the happiest results; and were its claims always properly appreciated, such beneficent effects would ever follow in its train. True it is, as society is constituted, marriage becomes somewhat of a lottery—for all its votaries are either the victims of Cupid or cupidity; in either case, they are under the blinding influence of passion, and consequently but little subject to the control of reason.

An instance in which marriage was literally a lottery, was exemplified in a recent freak practiced by a certain youthful swain in France, who, relying upon his personal attractions mainly, actually put himself up as the one grand prize in a lottery of ten thousand tickets of the value of two dollars each. This novel matrimonial expedient created a wondrous sensation among the belles of the French capital; and the result was, that all sorts of speculation went on among the fair, who eagerly bought up the tickets. A fair young damsel, who speculated merely for the frolic of the thing, became the holder of the prize ticket: the lucky youth tendered her the pecuniary proceeds of the lottery—\$20,000; they became a case of “love at first sight,” and within the brief limits of the day, Hymen settled their destiny, and they “twain became one flesh.” Could we but consult the unwritten chronicles of Cupid, how many curious and capricious tricks of runaway matches and unequal matches, stratagems and elopements, might we present for the entertainment of the reader. But with such instances the columns of the daily press, alas, are not unfamiliar, and it is needless to rehearse them here, or attempt a homily upon their folly. Speaking of unequal matches in the literal



sense of the term, what singular spectacles—we should say, pairs of spectacles—are every day to be seen in our more populous promenades—ladies of towering altitude allied to dwarfish bipeds, who seem as though they were designed rather for the effect of contrast than equality; while again similar lofty specimens of the masculine are to be met with, peering into the upper air, dragging by their side a like abbreviated instance of the feminine; seemingly to indicate that in resigning themselves to the stern alternative of espousing that (falsely so called) necessary evil—a wife, they had sagely resolved upon selecting the least. Among fantastic cases of this kind, might be mentioned the ludicrous project of Frederic of Prussia, who in the hope of securing an army of giants, formed the idea of compelling unions between the tallest of the sexes in his dominions. On a certain occasion the king happening to meet a remarkably lofty young lady, he alighted from his horse, stopped her, and desired her to deliver a letter to the commanding officer of his crack regiment. This missive was to the effect that the bearer was to be instantly married to the tallest grenadier in his service.—The young lady, however, being somewhat terrified, and not comprehending the nature of the transaction, handed the letter to a diminutive old woman, by whose intervention she escaped the arbitrary destiny.

It is recorded of a wealthy saddler of England that he made it conditional in his will that his daughter should be saddled with a saddler for life, or else be disinherited. Accordingly, as it happened that the young Earl of Halifax was found among her suitors, and a candidate for her splendid dowry, his lordship actually was obliged to bind himself to an apprenticeship of seven years to the craft, in order to the attainment of his wishes. This was a worse case of infliction, we should think, upon the nerves of the distinguished suitor, than even Jacob's fourteen years' apprenticeship for his favorite Rachel.

Instances, not a few, of disastrous marriages might be quoted, but as their rehearsal would not excite any pleasurable sensations, we shall refrain from the unwelcome task: we may, however, refer to the case of an adroit spinster who was cute enough to prevent such an apparent catastrophe. A young Scotchman having wooed a pretty buxom damsel, persuaded her to accompany him to a Justice of the Peace for the purpose of having the nuptials celebrated. They stood very meekly under the operation, until the magistrate came to that clause which imposes the necessity of subjecting the lady to the rule of her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," interposed the half-married claimant, "if this hand remains upon this body, I'll make her obey

me." "Are we married yet?" eagerly ejaculated the exasperated maiden, to the ratifier of covenants between man and woman.—"No," responded the wondering justice. "Ah, very well, we will finish the rest another time," she continued, and in a moment more she had vanished, leaving the astonished swain to console himself for the escape of the bird, he thought he had so securely caught and caged. As a counterpart to the foregoing we might cite the instance of a certain couple of rustics, who presented themselves to the priest as candidates for the holy estate of matrimony. On the conclusion of the ceremony the redoubtable husband who began to have sundry misgivings, at what he had done, said, "Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but, under favor, may I ask, if so be you could untie it again?" "Why, no," replied the domine, "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground." "Where then?" eagerly inquired the disconsolate victim. "On *that*," was the response, pointing to the church yard!

A curious legend is related of Egivard, a secretary of Charlemagne, and a daughter of that emperor. The secretary fell desperately in love with the princess, who at length allowed his advances. One winter's night his visit was prolonged to a late hour, and in the meantime a deep fall of snow had fallen. If he left, his foot-marks would betray him, and yet to remain longer would expose him no less to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened, however, that from the window of his chamber, the emperor witnessed this novel proceeding; and in the assembly of the lords on the following day, when Egivard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who should compel a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders through frost and snow, on a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers became alarmed, but the emperor, addressing Egivard, said, "Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death,—but I give thee two lives: take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another." This was worthy one of the greatest of princes: and also worthy the imitation of many a purse-proud aristocrat of later times.

Among others, we meet with the following eccentric courtship of Day, the author of "*Sanford and Merton*." He educated two fair young girls with the hope of instilling into their plastic minds his own vagaries and peculiarities,—intending ultimately to make one of them his wife. The absurd expedient, however, signally failed of its object.

Balzac, the French novelist, exhibits another



example of eccentricity in matrimonial affairs. According to a Parisian correspondent, the arrival of this celebrated author from Germany caused an immense sensation in certain circles, owing to the romantic circumstances connected with his marriage. It appears that some fifteen years ago, when Balzac was at the zenith of his fame, he was travelling in Switzerland, and had arrived at the inn just at the very moment the prince and princess Hanski were leaving it. Balzac was ushered into the room they had just vacated, and was leaning from the window to observe their departure, when his attention was arrested by a soft voice at his elbow, asking for a book which had been left behind upon the window seat. The lady was certainly fair, but appeared doubly so in the eyes of the poor author, when she intimated that the book she was in quest of was a pocket edition of his own works, adding that she never travelled without it, and that without it she could not exist! She drew the volume from beneath his elbow, and flew down stairs, obedient to the screaming summons of her husband,—a puffy old gentleman who was already seated in the carriage, railing in a loud voice against dilatory habits of woman in general, and his own spouse in particular;—and the begilt and emblazoned vehicle drove off, leaving the novelist in a state of self-complacency the most enviable to be conceived. This was the only occasion upon which Balzac and the Princess Hanski had met, till his recent visit to Germany, when he presented himself as her accepted husband. During these long intervening fifteen years, however, a literary correspondence was steadily kept up between the parties, till at length instead of a letter containing literary strictures upon his writings, a missive of another kind—having a still more directly personal tendency, reached him from the fair hand of the princess. It contained the announcement of the demise of her husband—the prince, that he had bequeathed to her his domains, and his great wealth,—and consequently, that she felt bound to requite him in some measure for his liberality, and had determined upon giving him a successor—in the person of Balzac. It is needless to state that the delighted author waited not a second summons; they were forthwith united in wedlock, at her Chateau on the Rhine, and a succession of splendid fêtes celebrated the auspicious event.

The story of the marriage of Lamartine is also one of romantic interest. The lady, whose maiden name was Birch, was possessed of considerable property, and when passed the bloom of youth, she became passionately enamoured of the poet, from the perusal of his "Meditations;" for some time she nursed this sentiment in secret, and being apprised

of the embarrassed state of his affairs, she wrote him, tendering him the bulk of her fortune. Touched with this remarkable proof of her generosity, and supposing it could only be caused by a preference for himself, he at once made an offer of his hand and heart.—He judged rightly, and the poet was promptly accepted.

Those who wish to become acquainted more at length, with "the loves of the poets," we refer to Mrs. Jamieson's pleasant book on that delicate subject. It may suffice to glance at the eccentric conduct of Swift, in his love matters. His first flame, whom he fantastically christened Varina, he deserted, after a seven years' courtship: the next he styled Stella, who, although beautiful in person, and accomplished, after a protracted intimacy, he secretly married in a garden, although he never resided under the same roof with her, and never acknowledged the union till the day of his death. The third became a similar victim to his selfish hard-heartedness, which, it is said, caused her death. With all his wit and genius, such wanton brutality, must ever reflect the deepest disgrace upon his moral character, especially as contrasted with his claims as a religious functionary. The following case looks somewhat squally, and indeed possesses so much of the marvellous as to challenge belief. It is that of a gentleman who confesses he first saw his wife in a storm, took her to a ball in a storm, courted her in a storm, married under the same inauspicious circumstances, and lived with her during a like condition, but buried her in pleasant weather. The union of hearts and hands in holy wedlock has given birth to many learned and poetic effusions. The briefest exposition we remember to have seen, is the following, which was doubtless intended merely as a love missive between two ardent souls, whose elective affinities—if spirits may commingle—resolved themselves into a perfect spiritual amalgamation. Says our love-sick swain:

"My heart to you is given,  
Oh, do give yours to me;  
We'll lock them up together,  
And throw away the key!"

That brief episode of romance, courtship, is the spring-tide of life—the May of human existence: fond memory clings to it with cherished and lingering devotion; for, if at no other period, the heart then reveals its most generous sympathies, and the habitual selfishness of our nature is forgotten. If the month posterior to the nuptial ceremony—the honeymoon, is so richly freighted with happiness, it is more than the great poet affirms of the period anterior to that event, although another of the muse's favorites, Andrew Marvell, inclines to a somewhat contrary sentiment.

Emerson has some poetic and forcible words upon this subject of love; he says: "Be our experience in particular what it may, no man ever forgets the visitations of that power upon his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art—which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and night of varied enchantments—when a single tone could thrill the heart, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory—when we become all eye, when one is present—all memory, when one is gone."

Love has been compared to debt; both keep their captives awake at night, or disturb their repose with anxious nocturnal visions, and their busy thoughts at day are no less solicitously engaged: and, to use a vulgarism, both are alike in need of *brass*. It is, moreover, suggested that love has been styled "the tender passion," from its softening effects on the brain, and also because it affects principally "the softer sex." Some, it is true, have proved themselves impervious to its genial influences; take, for example, the case of Newton, whose *penchant* for stargazing, mathematical abstractions, and his pipe, was sufficiently evinced by his taking the fair hand of his lady-love—not to devote it to the gentle pressure of affection, but to convert the forefinger to the degrading purposes of a tobacco stopper! Men of literature, science and philosophy, in ancient and modern times, have, from their recluse and ascetic tendencies, in the main, been either opposed to the social relationship, or been infelicitous in their matrimonial alliances. Probably this has been, in part, superinduced by the flatteries and attentions of the world at large; and yet, it is somewhat singular how men moving so prominently in society, and courted so generally by the fair, should have had the adroitness and cunning to escape entanglement, in the matrimonial meshes of that busy little fellow, Cupid, who is ever going about seeking whom he may ensnare. Viewed as a divinely instituted ordinance, marriage ceases to be a matter of option; and those, therefore, who seek to contravene so express a command, are justly held amenable for the act. Apart from its endearing associations and immunities, it is constituted the great conservative means of human existence; without it the world would soon become a desolated waste, and the beneficent purposes of its great Author be frustrated. This sentiment we accordingly find to have obtained, as by intuition, in all ages and countries. Fines were first levied on unmarried men, in Rome, about the middle of the fourth century; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure obedience to connubial edicts, celi-

bacy was visited by penal punishments. Pope Innocent the First introduced the celebration of the marriage rite as a religious sacrament; although in patriarchal times, as well as in our own, its observance has been invested with the sanctity of religion. Concerning the origin of the usual accessories of matrimony, we have little to adduce: the ring is certainly an expressive and fitting emblem of the perpetuity of the compact; and the bride-cake and customary libations, form no less significant symbols of the nectar sweets and intoxicating pleasures which it is designed to confer upon its votaries.

We remember to have read somewhere an account of a most exemplary instance of conjugal fidelity and devotion, which, if not apocryphal, is certainly without a parallel. A young nobleman of Genoa, who held large estates in Corsica, whither he used to repair every few years to regulate his affairs, had married a beautiful creature named Monimia, an Italian. They lived for some years in undiminished felicity, till, alas for the mutations of time, the devoted husband was compelled to defer no longer a visit to the land of his possessions. During his absence, the island being at the time in a state of insurrection, a report reached the ears of the anxious spouse, that he had fallen a victim to the popular fury and revolt. About the same time, as he was passing along the harbor, he overheard some sailors, who had just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the republic. The name of his beloved wife was at length mentioned, when all suspicion yielding to the painful conviction that it was indeed her of whom they spoke, he became so overpowered with grief that he swooned away. On his recovery he determined to lose no time in repairing to his home, in order to ascertain the certainty of the report. Strange as it may appear, simultaneously with this, the equally distressed wife resolved upon a similar procedure. They both took ship—one for Corsica, the other for Genoa; a violent storm overtook both vessels, and each were shipwrecked upon a desolate island in the Mediterranean. Marimi's ship first made land, and the disconsolate widower, wishing to indulge his grief, wandered into the embowered recesses of a neighboring wood. Soon afterwards the Genoese ship landed Monimia, with one of her maids; actuated by similar emotions, she bent her sorrowing steps to the same retreat. They each heard the other complaining of their bitter fate; when, moved by a mutual curiosity to see their companion in grief,—judge of their amazement and rapturous surprise, when they instantly recognized in each other the dear object of their ardent solicitude and affection. One long, straining and passionate embrace,



and they immediately expired! Their remains were conveyed to Italy, and repose, in their dreamless sleep, under a magnificent mausoleum.

Among the Romans, the month of June was considered the most propitious for the celebration of the nuptial rite: May was said to be ominous of the premature demise of one of the parties. Widows, it is said, unlike timid maidens, are superior to all evil auguries, and avow themselves eligible at all seasons and under all circumstances.

The peculiar characteristic ceremonies incident to the marriage festival in various countries, we do not stay to notice, the subject being in all probability familiar to the reader. The feature which seems after all the great distinction among various nations, in the affair of marriage, is that of monogamy and polygamy—a single wife or husband, or a plurality of the endowment. What the primal law may have been, it is not difficult to divine; if we admit the example of our illustrious progenitor—Adam; in him we have a legal precedent: if that of Lamech, the rule is evidently reversed; while that marvellous impersonation of wisdom and kingly magnificence—Solomon, excelled most, if not all others in the multiplicity of his spouses. The social history of the ancients exhibits numerous illustrations of this renowned monarch's precedent: in fine, about four-fifths of the human race have been supposed to participate in the practice of polygamy. What inference we are justified in deducing from the fact of this avaricious preference for an extension of matrimonial society, we cannot decide; but we may affirm that the propensity is not exclu-

sively developed on the part of one sex only. As late as the sixth century it was enacted as one of the canons of the ecclesiastical council, that any man married to several wives should do penance. The authority of St. Paul is decisive and final, although his testimony is somewhat adverse to connubial claims. The notorious Jack of Leyden married seventeen wives, and would in all probability have increased the number of nuptial conquests, had not his matrimonial career been cut short by the summons which dissolves all human contracts. Similar disgraceful instances of the perversion of an institution designed to be the balm of humanity and the nursery of all the best feelings of the heart, have outraged the moral sense of society in later times, even down to our own. On the other hand, the empire of woman in the scale of being, is, thanks to the spirit of advancing intelligence and civilization, no longer a disputed claim.

“Heaven's last, best gift to man”

receives the homage of the human heart,—she is loved and cherished, as the angel of peace and hope, diffusing a halo of light and joy and blessedness throughout the sanctuary of home. What strange magic there is in the very sound of the endearing names—husband and wife, and there is significance as well as endearment in them, since then every imaginable argument seems manifestly to be in favor of the cherished compact, it may fairly be presumed that all whose destiny does not exclude them, will seek to enjoy its manifold immunities; and as we thus shall have by such a result accomplished our purpose in this desultory paper, we here contentedly close it,—and as we trust—to the reader's content also.

## SONG.

BY W. H. DIETZ.

On moments of joy most enchanting,  
When first on my heart beamed the light,  
Of Thy Love, in my bosom implanting,  
A star that must ever shine bright;  
Then music of heavenly sweetness,  
Was heard in the tones of thy voice; [ness,  
While thine eyes beaming love with such meet-  
Would make my whole being rejoice.

That fond love to my soul the dearest,  
Bids happiness dwell in my heart,  
Bound ever most cherished and nearest,  
To that which shall never depart;  
Love's star with a glory increasing,  
Thy brightness our path shall illumine,  
While faith in a future unceasing,  
Dispels ev'ry shadow and gloom.



## MARY WHITE.

BY MRS. E. S. LEGGETT.

MY DEAR READER,—It is no unusual thing to commence a story thus—do you think it stiff? You, my friend, it is whom I'm addressing—do you think it stiff or commonplace to be thus familiarly spoken to? I may never see you or hear your voice; the world is too full to permit the whole brotherhood of its members to call each of its fraternity by name, or cordially to grasp in friendly warmth the hand of fellowship with all. Yet God has given to you a *spirit*, and I will call you dear, and courteous, and kind, and I will love you, as one of the human family, one of heaven's created minds, one who for a little season will dwell with me and I with him. I sit down this morning to please you. I write not for fame, my stories are too simple; not for gain, I never could realize much, although both are good. I write not for either; it is from the fullness of feeling. What other method can I find by which to endear you? I long to hold converse with you, and to have your sympathies a little minute as you familiarly cast your eyes over the short page. I say I love you. I love all the world, animate or inanimate; I love the glorious pictures with which God had adorned his magnificent Temple, and all the harmonious tints that shade them. How beauteous to my soul are the velvet tuftings of the early spring, like the first colorings on the canvas; how dreamy the moist atmosphere softening the whole—the summer shading deepening in the dark forest; the long perspective speaks in its manly beauty “a various language.” Almighty Father, these be the voices of heaven. The Spring, the Summer, and the glorious Autumn, are the still voices of thy kingdom, each and all bearing the lessons thou hast written, the snow wreath, too, thou sendest; and wrapping the year's page in thy volume of a life, thou biddest thy creature then ponder over the lesson of the year. My friend, the year has closed with thee and me. Hath the spring time found thee busy sowing in the heart's furrow the seed of promise? Hath the summer perfected that promise? And hath the autumn gathered into the Great Garner one sheaf of wheat, fully ripe, from the fields of thy year's toil? If so, thou mayest wrap thy mantle round thee, and await in stillness the early call of coming labors; but if so beauteous the picture hangings of the world, how mysteriously grand, how awfully solemn, yet how altogether lovely, the full chorus of the universe, the depths of its loftier strains, the tenderness of

its low warblings, the gliding smoothness of its lightest cadence, the stormy winds calling from hill top to hill top its spirits of powerful mastery, sends through the glen a shout like the blasts of a thousand trumpets, shaking to the roof the kingly crowned and powerfully armed dark trees of the wood, raging furiously in its ungovernable strength, and appalling all in its might, until, descending, sweeps through the low valley, and dies beneath the sheltered cot sighing and sad. The little birds and rippling streams touch softly the numbers of love, and give gladness to the weary and strength to the heavy-laden: must we not then love it all, so twines the whole around our better natures; and if so loving the world and all its beauty, may we not love the creature for whom it is fashioned and made? And may I not call thee dear, since it is for thee and me the whole is created?

I would that you could sit with me in my cozy little parlor; the sun is so bright on the sparkling snow, which is foamed and frothed up so high upon the shrubs and leaflets, bushes of the garden, the fences and ragged roots on the opposite bank—all are bordered, fringed and decked, as for a bridal; the snow birds hop quickly under the south window, and nimbly pick the few crumbs scattered for their coming; the view from the east window is the gayest, for there you would see hundreds of children skating on the great mill pond, and as many more sledging down the steep hill-way to the mill door. I am sure you love children; you could not help it *here*, where they bound and shout in natural freedom. How different is the spirit of a child under the breath and breadth of heaven, from those fantastic dressed up toys one meets in the city. Poor, pale-faced little ones, they dare not assert one claim to independence in the artful bands of their painful confinement, but must act just so, move just so—or submit to the censures of mistaken teachers. Oh, let children be child-like, beautiful in their glee and quickly roused tears, beautiful in their fearless waywardness and wilful plays; let us love them, too, for they are likened unto the kingdom—angel-messengers, if we *will*—gliding into our hard hearts; suffer them to nestle close by and sing out their songs of joy; suffer ourselves to become like them, for so said our Lord. Were you with me, I would show you the babe in the cradle, soft its cheek as down and warm with new life; it is very young—too young to fear you, but would

crow and show its dimples if you caressed her. Annie, too, is strewing toys about, and making a "nice, very nice railroad," from one end of the room to the other. The red skates on the sideboard are Willie's; he has just bought them with his own savings, and the famous little "Jackey Horner" never felt more pride at the unexpected treasure he found sitting in "his corner" than Willie, as he flung down the skates. "All painted red, mother." "Yes, love, red as your own rosy cheeks, happy boy." The chair beside the warm stove I would draw for you; it is always safe from the attacks of the children, and sacred to company; it is cushioned and comfortable. There you should sit, while I told my story to you. You "cannot come." I know it; therefore I will come to you. Can I give you pleasure? I have nothing tragic to awaken horror, nothing startling to arouse intense curiosity, nothing romantic to carry captive your imagination. What I will tell you is all domestic, a home scene, one of those homes which are scattered all over our land, all over the world; yet, old as is the tale, there is still poetry in the word Home. Old as it is, there is harmony in its memories of "days lang syne;" it is a boon from Heaven to all—to the beggar as to the prince, to the wretched as the happy—the drill taper, as its feeble ray glitters for a moment over the darkness of the lone traveller, speaks it—the broad glare from the great mansion tells of the same—and none would exchange it with his fellow. Ask the poor, craving, withered being who humbly seeks your bounty, what is life to him? Slowly he would lead you to his broken hearthstone, where dimly among the ashes would linger a few sparks still framing the heart's letters; they spell his home, they brighten at his breath, and give enjoyment to the chilled frame of him whose day of small blessings is lengthened out by the alms of the stranger.

Thick cords of roses, twined with early violets and yellow buttercups, bind the child to its Father's Home through all his after-life, and the sounds of evening prayer and a mother's kiss hallows to the doomed criminal the one loved spot.

Through time and through eternity there is a Home. Can we cease to love, then, its association even on earth, when the consummation of its happiness is in the Land of Promise in our Father's house of many mansions.

The father of Mary White was of that body in society called Friends; the vitality of its simple but strong principles was the faith of his hope and his rule of life; discarding much of the rigidity which forms that strong barrier between it and other sects, he stood forth in the light of his understanding a sincere but

not an austere Christian; he had the countenance of his neighbors, for right with him was righteousness; he had the reverence of his family, for in his daily practice they beheld the beauty of holiness and the simplicity of well doing; his morning and evening prayer was "Thy will, oh Lord, and not mine; deal with thy servant as beseemeth good in thy sight." Among his large number of children he had but one daughter, and she, in the constant light of love, grew beneath her parent's roof a fair flower, lovely and without blemish; to describe her beauty would be in accordance with the stereotyped plan of story telling; but were I to tell of her soft curls and softer eyes, her blooming cheek, and sweet lip, it would convey no idea of the spiritual gentleness that pervaded every moment of her innocent life; she was guarded from harm, as to her tenderer feelings, by a thick hedge-row of domestic affection, for father and mother and her brothers seemed to acknowledge and feel that one was growing in their midst without guile; to shelter and protect such a darling was no irksome care; and the "sweet bud" of Rose Grove was the kind title her neighbors accorded her; and it is of her home I would tell you; to her silent and soft presence win your attention. Rose Grove was part of a point of land extending from the public road far into one of our Eastern rivers, embracing a tract highly cultivated and richly embellished with a number of commodious and substantial farm-houses, the occupants of which formed one of the most social and fraternal neighborhoods. The house was finely situated, the grounds lying about in the richest lawn and meadow lands, diversified by huge old rocks and grey dim woods, sufficiently to form a picturesque effect to the picture-loving transient visitor; but the road or path leading down to the point lot was green all the year round, brightened by the brilliant red berries of the black alder, and shaded by the spruce and fir. It was a charming ramble; starting from the porch of the front door, and winding among the crooked stumps and roots, you could follow its lead by the grave of Charley—a dear babe, next younger than Mary; he had died when she was a child, too, and in the mossy spot where they had played, and beneath the old oak into whose hollow trunk they had nestled like the squirrels; in their sport they brought his little body and fashioned the daisy mound, with his toys still lying among the bushes; but it was a sad parting, and the first sorrow of Mary, and she would still go and plant the wild flowers beside him, and call to him and lie down and weep long for her lost playmate; but she did not weep alone, for Georgey, a neighbor's child, would come and sit with her, and they would, like the unfolding of a many-leaved rose, expand



their young hearts in wonders of Charley's home; and "oh, Georgey," would she say, "is he cold way down in the damp earth in the pretty box he lies in; and the sweet flowers we laid about him, will he take them to grow in Heaven?" And then their new souls would seem to lift themselves in prayer; for moments they would look up into the clear sky, and in silence grasp each other in mysterious and fearful perplexity; sometimes they would remain by the solemn grave until the stars came, and then they would picture his little home in the quick twinkling light, until each star was a little angel home for the dead babes that had died in the short memory of each.—Turning up a darker opening, the path was by the clear stream of the creek of Bungay; a rude noisy brawl (where many united springs formed a strong current) was at its head and tore along furiously a little distance in twenty breaking gushes, foaming in miniature force among the sharp stones, like the anger of a child; it was a famous place, this bay of Bungay; it was so dark and damp all around, the children never went there to *play*; but sometimes in fearful curiosity they would gather a strong company and stoutly tramp among the tangled briars to gather the finest berries, for they grew by the "Indian Hill," which rose back of the bay; many sharp-pointed stones had been found here in times past of Indian warfare, and the unevenness of the ground was sufficient for tradition to found many fearful stories, too, of cruelty and terror; so the children were never very gay when they gathered their fruit, but repeated what they had so often heard from the laborers in the kitchen.—Another place of record was the "Poet's Rock;" it needed no tale to name it so, for any one who had ever felt the ideal floating amid the real beauties of creation must have owned a "soft impeachment" of stray numbers gathering over his fancy; there a natural seat had, by accident or the continual dash of the waves, been formed in a huge yellow rock, just bordering on the beautiful woodland, and was overhung by wild roses and columbine linked together so gracefully by the wood ivy, that, in spring time, it seemed as if the faries of wood and stream had vied in adorning the spot. Midway of the river were two islands, so same-like in beauty and appearance, they were called the Brothers; a narrow channel running between them, sparkling and bright as a fret-work of silver; on each was a solitary house, and a small row boat at each mooring; the white sails, as they came up the river, passed behind these islands, presenting a living panorama of the most lively interest, and the setting sun seemed longest to tarry on the tall poplars which stood sentinel above the roofs of the old houses: there was here a tradition, too, in

which the green isles had found a name, of twin brothers, who had early in the settlement of our country came over, and dividing a small fortune, built each a home, differing nothing in variety, and planting the same trees and shrubs, lived calmly side by side the days of their kindred being. I could dwell long upon the witchery of the Poet's Rock; in telling you of the opposite shore; how distinct the outline of its tall public buildings, and burning the reflection in the hues of golden sunsets; how shaded the high hill the land beneath; in the rising splendor of it, and of the feeling of a kind nature that would come over the senses as the interchange of friendly greeting was rung from the quickly passing steamers, which plied constantly on the broad bosom of the waters, whose waves came wantonly flinging its pearls about the flinty rock. I could tell you, too, of one of our gifted countrymen, who, for long hours, sat in that seat, and thought of Heaven when he wrote for man, and drank in the beauty of the scene, impressing the record of tender sensibilities awakened by it, a rich tribute in his country's treasury. These were a part of the beauties, a part of the traditionary spots which have a lingering name over every home, a part of the play grounds, in which Mary and her brothers had spent their childhood; but they were still as beautiful now that her short history had thrown its tender growth of memories over each old rock and haunt, and her voice was as gay, too, as when she sung a child, and all the neighbors loved her as a part of each family, for her song was as familiar as the birds as she came among them; but one there lived to whom the tread of her lightest step was more than pleasure: it was little Georgey. Their lands joined and the families had lived in good neighborhood for more than one generation, and Mary White had stood in the same classes with him at school, scampered through the dark glen of Bungay side by side, and fashioned many a rude basket for wild berries, woven many a long necklace of bright blossoms, and the days of all these innocent pastimes had left a sweetness on the memory as the dew lingers long among the closed petals of the rose; but "Georgey" had grown to be "Master George" among the hired men, and Mary had passed her school day, and had long been a help in the domestic economy of household care; the elements of a good education had been learned in common with other children, but that education which passeth the learning of worldly wisdom had been learned from the fountain of a mother's loving watchfulness, and the religion taught was ever to *work* righteousness.

"Be not deceived, my child, with the outward glitter of a noisy faith; remember always thy closet is thy place of prayer; in the



stillness of thy soul ask, and the good thy Father seest fit for thee will be given. Suffer no shadow to stand between thy spirit and the Spirit of Eternal Light." Such counsel ever waited upon the questionings from the sinless lips of Mary. She was what is termed a birth-right member of the society of Friends, and its simple but pure precepts was food sufficient for her tender, truthful soul.

Moonlight—will we ever tire of moonlight?—so quiet, and looking so searchingly way down into the soul, like a guardian spirit, soothing the diseases there and ministering to its need—like a friend of softest delicacy it asks: "Weeping and sorrowing one, come with me: I will teach thee of the things that will bring thee to the light of love and truth; if alone it is sorrowful there, I will sing of Hope; if, alas, thou hast sinned, remember the words of Christ, 'Go, sin no more;' but if neither sorrow nor sin is with thee, and thy soul is sick with joy, still will I draw nigh the spring of thy happiness and joy in thy joy. So tender, then, and kind is the moonlight in its watch, that we will bare the heart nightly to its ray—and open the record of our daily deeds. But never had its beams so witchingly lighted up the sparkling river or laid the tracery of its play upon the smooth grass, or gone down more deeply into the softer nature of the heart than on that warm September evening when it bathed in its mellow beams some, while it deeply shadowed others on the porch where sat the whole family of Henry White. The sounds of autumn were in the air, although it was of summer warmth; the playful bickering Katy-did, the unceasing chirp of the cricket, the bell from the distant village, coming up faintly with the south breeze, all harmonized with the scene. But other sounds were there, other sounds which had grown to have deeper power over the spirit of one in the silent company than those of the evening bell, or the cricket's song, or the katy-did. Simple enough they were; but they bid the heart quicken its pulse, and send its warm blood to glow in the pale cheek, and the soft hand of Mary to flutter as it laid in that of her fathers."

Simple sounds, I said, those of a flute and a footstep, and the bound of a playful dog. The flute, the step, and the dog, belonged to George Dater, as he stood manly and beautiful in his manhood in the soft light; no remarks had grown up with the silent feeling which the parents of both houses saw pervading two members of them, no words had been spoken on either side, although desirable as might appear a connexion promising favorable prospects to both, an influence would have been deemed an intrusion where the law of love ruled. It was, however, a pleasing thought, on the one side, that a dar-

ling child and dutiful daughter was about to render a pure affection where it would be gently fostered; on the other, that a son would probably gain the estimable gift of a devoted, faithful companion, to smooth and brighten the onward journey. These thoughts had grown in the hearts of the "old folks" as the summer months wore on, and with the younger ones it were difficult to describe the newer emotions. George had early in the spring returned from a distant school, where he had spent two years in completing his studies, and had only occasional letters from home as remembrancers from his earlier playmate; but he was home now "for good," his old grandmother said, and both houses seemed open alike for his welcome. His little Mary had grown to the fullness and grace of beauty. But was she still his Mary? How diffident, how modestly retiring is truthful, honest love; that man has never lived who, in heartfelt affection, has not in humility dwelt upon his own unworthiness, when tremblingly he approaches the object of it. George Dater felt all this, and not the cordial welcome from father, mother, brothers, and even Mary herself, could dissipate the thought that it was only the love born of associations which beamed from her gentle eye as it fell timidly beneath his glance. Her heart wore only the reflected beauty of the little joys of childhood, the murmur of the rills which then had crossed their paths, the braided memory of sportive hours, left blest the lingering echoes as of dying music.

But how was it with her? What new current of new life thrilled through her soul, as the tones of his manly voice fell upon her ear in the long twilight and under the deep shade? Why was it that a spiritual beauty seemed to pervade all things, even the light fragrance of the low clover blossom, if plucked by him? Why was it that her eyes so easily filled with tears as she looked up into the blue heaven; or why was it that as days came and went gradually, a soft sadness crept through the joyousness of her innocent mind? She knew why these things were; she knew that she had laid aside childish things; she knew that her soul was bound in the earthly worship of a chosen Idol, and tearfully she sought forgiveness for the intensity of her devotion. Modestly she questioned her heart, as she sat late and lone in her quiet room beside her sleeping parents. She would utter, as her cheek would crimson with maiden integrity: "I love him—oh! how I love him, and that, too, unasked. I have surrendered my filial affection almost a sacrifice to the all-powerful influence of an unrequited feeling. Why is it?—why is it? I am so wretched, I will pray for strength to combat my weakness." Then she would

weep bitterly, as innocently she upbraided her natural sentiment "I will sit by my mother's side when he comes again; I will no longer linger by the stream, nor listen to the music of his flute or voice; I will take up the daily cross of self-denial, and then again will I be happy." And weeping, she would fall asleep—wishing, oh! so fervently, that she were a child again, for then it was no sin to love. And so she felt that soft moonlight night, when her hand laid in her father's, and when George Dater stood before her.

"A fine night," said the old man, "a fine night for thy sweet music, and it moves my little girl, for her hand flutters like a frightened bird; we have missed thee of late; sit by and Mary will sing to thy play." But Mary could not sing; no effort of self-control gave her strength to overcome the inward struggle. She dropped her head upon her father's arm with a convulsive sigh; then starting, mortified and distressed, with streaming eyes, sought to escape and hide in her room those feelings she had so unintentionally exposed, but it was not to be so with her. For several days George Dater had absented himself from Grove Bank. He had imagined the sadness which had appeared in Mary was owing to a conviction, on her part, that *he* loved, and this was the check she deemed necessary to save him the pain of a confession of those feelings the most sacred of human nature; yet he would go *once* more; he would know; he would tell her that he loved her, and that he would cherish and comfort her in sickness and through sorrow; he would be to her friend, father, mother and brother; he would hear from her own lips why *she* could not love him again; he would ask by the little grave where they so often had wept over the dear Charley; he would sit her there by the clear stream and look into her eyes, which had so oft of late been sadly turned upon him, and if she could not give the heart he sought he would love her still, and pray beside that water a deep prayer for her happy days, and give her soft cheek the kiss of a broken spirit; and these thoughts were crowding thickly upon each other, as the young man gently laid his hand on Mary's arm in her hurried attempt to pass him. "Thee will not run away, child, when George is with us?" kindly spoke her father, and without noticing her agitation. "Go get thy bonnet, for a little run around the point lot will not harm thee this fine night, and when you get back we will have the song." The fragrance of the air seemed to breathe an influence over the youthful pair, as quietly, in accordance with her father's bidding, Mary took the arm of her lover, and when a short turn hid them from the view of all save the one Seeing Eye,

they sat them beside the water and watched its play; but no, their thoughts were not in its ripples, as silently they beheld the moonlight wavelets; neither had spoken; but now, "Mary, may I call thee my Mary? Tell me, dearest, why is it that a blight has come between thy spirit and my spirit, between thy life and mine; once these soothing shades were gladness to us, and thy light form leaned affectionately for support from mine. Oh, tell me, by the gentle memories of those early days, how may I win thee to my heart again? I pain thee; but fear not, I will not chide thee; but tell me wherein have I strayed from those paths of pleasantness, that I may turn again. I would that we could kneel by this holy spot as children, and that death might join our souls, never again to be divided." He paused, a tear fell upon his hand; another and another, and the sweet head of her he loved was bent low, but the lips answered not. "Oh, tell me, ere we leave this spot, that I may hope by diligence to recall a lingering sentiment, responsive to my own." No answer came; yet the eyes, now raised, holy, calm and fervent, told the tale of pent up feeling; the hands were clasped, the unspoken vow was registered. George Dater knew that he was loved; he felt that a heretofore, inexplicable mystery was laid open, and read the secret in the maiden modesty of his chosen bride; the dark pall which seemed falling between himself and future happiness was banished as with the light of morning; no marvel that tears were not alone in the soft eyes of his beloved, and that his manly brow was bent in silent deep and grateful joy. \* \* \*

It was late in the autumn months, when, after a short silence, as Mary was bending over her work beside her mother, that the kindly counsel of her parent was given. "My child, the time is here when thou wilt be folded in the heart of him thou hast chosen for the companion of thy life. I feel that my duty requires a few words spoken; weep not, love, it is a source of thankfulness to thy parents that thou hast thus chosen; we feel that George Dater will be faithful to the trust we give him in giving thee; it is hard to give thee up, but in the night watches I have prayed for submission, and felt the inward satisfaction that One ruled, and that He would guide and be about thee. I have written a slight record of hopes and fears; thou wilt find in this little volume the impress of thy mother's heart, who, fearing lest the spirit were strong, doubted still the ability in speaking with thee. Each page was penned in prayer; let its words be bound upon thy soul, for they are from the Book of Life. It is the last day thy dear presence will cheer me, perhaps, for months, yet thou wilt find a sweet peace in yielding a willing obedience to the dictates of duty; the



sacrifice of self is one of the trials of the daily cross we are called upon to bear; therefore mourn not though the home of thy husband lies far from the home of thy childhood, thy father's hearth, and thy father's people, but turn inward silently, responsive to the fulfillment of thy calling. We must weep natural tears, yet will I in truthful trust yield thee a gift in thy husband's house; but, my daughter, make not that husband thy idol; in deep humiliation and baptism of spirit remember thy Teacher, thy God, and thy Friend; let him minister to thy manifold wants; so will thy days be peaceful, and those thou hast about thee content in well doing. As I have cautioned thee to make unto thyself not an idol, so will I counsel thee to vex not thy partner; thou owest to him that respect which is due to the chosen head of thy house, and when he comes to thee with temper distressed upbraid him not with want of kindness, but softly let the storm subside that has grown from the annoyances of the out-door world, and when peace has returned seek then to hold counsel with him whom thou hast promised to serve 'faithfully;' and to serve faithfully thou must not shrink from the duty of a true helpmeet, in reproving meekly the faults which cling even to those we fondly love, and likewise receive meekly thy own correction; this kindly toil will insensibly wear away those small vexations, which, if left to grow, so frequently arise as mountains in domestic harmony, marring the inner life of the outwardly happy." Long did the anxious parent seek thus to pave the way toward the guidance of a peaceful future, and unbroken fell the soft tones of her voice save by an occasional sigh from her child's full heart. "I have written for thee my earnest desires for the sweet peace of thy soul's salvation; I would have thee ever bring thy faith in the hereafter to bear on the present day; bind it upon thy sacred hopes; the precept, that it is those who *doeth* his will, and not those who merely cry, 'Father, Father,' who are accepted. 'Act well thy part,' is a truthful admonition, a strong reliance; *do* that which thy hand findeth to do in thy Father's vineyard; feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort those who come to ask it. These are the requiring wants which daily ask for admittance to our better understanding; heed ever the pleading of the small voice, and be faithful in thy ministry; so wilt thou glide safely toward the promised inheritance which Christ hath portioned for his Church."

The room in which the two were seated was the "common sitting-room" of the family, and the spot the sacred one the children called "the mother's corner;" here were gathered all the familiar and needful little articles of constant use—the low chair and footstool; the knitting bag on the bright hook, made bright

by constant wear; the deep work-basket, and the stand of drawers, with all its mystery of boxes, threads and curiosities upon it; the Holy Volume, with rounded corners, bent by long use: and now how dear, how sadly dear, appeared all the nameless associations of the whole to Mary. To-morrow! it would be her wedding day: to-morrow! her day of parting, too, from home. Ah! the cold beating of the heart's pulses. Even the old clock in the niche of the wall, where it had stood for more than one generation Time's sentinel—how it had struck the happy hours of her happy life; the stand of house plants, clustering with full blossoms; the great trumpet creeper at the well, where the bright humming birds had played hide and seek; her father in his antiquated rocking chair always opposite to the "corner;" her kind brothers; all came thronging on her tender memories so thickly that every word spoken through the day started the ready tear.

It seemed a positive relief when the next morning brought the necessary bustle of preparation in order to meet the early hour of assembling in which friends gathered together.

The unostentatious building in which the small body of this society met, was situated among venerable nut trees, itself almost as venerable and moss-grown as they; this day it was unusually filled, for the marriage of George Dater and Mary White had attracted a large number of the neighboring families. The silence which pervaded the assembly was new to many, and the solemnity of all was in the quiet of the soul; one hour of unbroken stillness thus seemed to rule and reign over all. The meek bride, arrayed in the simplicity of modesty, was seated upon the bench generally occupied by the elders of the society, and on either side of the young couple were the parents of both. It appeared no light ceremony about to unite two before God and man; and in the continued stillness, with trembling voice the young man claimed his bride. No book was opened, no prayer prefaced by a third officiate spoke the hallowed words. They stood alone, and there, "in the presence of God and the assembly, they promised to take one the other for man and wife, and through Divine Providence to be unto each a faithful and affectionate companion until separated by death." These simple words on the part of both joined those hands whom none save God could "break asunder;" but the silence was again broken by one proclaiming that, "Whereas, the two thus joined had been so united with consent of friends," with the words repeated of the ceremony. The relatives, acquaintances, and those of the meeting, were invited "as a farther testimony of evidence to put their names to the written words in confirmation thereof." The roll of



parchment which the speaker held in his hand was then presented to the pair mentioned; their names being affixed, George Dater and Mary White were one. Again silence, holy in its deep meaning, threw its mantle over the meeting, as a banner of love; and thus they parted, friends indeed, the gathered company.

One more duty remained before Mary took her departure that day from home. It was a painful contrast to the appearance of happiness around to stop at a low cottage and speak a few kindly words to a sick girl who had been for months the object of her care.

"Little Nancy," as she was called, was fast hurrying to that bourne where change comes not, and the hectic of consumption burned in each cheek of her mulatto skin, yet the brown complexion and crisped hair had not prevented Mary from bathing the pained head and moistening the dry hand of her humble patient, as the slow fever stole through the veins of the sick girl.

Mother nor father, sister nor brother, had "little Nancy," but all were found in the kind love of the Quaker family; and continued were the comforting things they brought to soothe her bed of pain. But one wish so often expressed was now to have its promise fulfilled by the young wife. "Oh, Miss Mary," she would so earnestly say, "come to me on your wedding day with Master George, and let poor Nancy see you like two angels in your beautiful bridal dresses, and I will bless you with the blessing of my dying breath."

A tidy colored woman was standing near the door, and quickly opened it to the low knock, as the bride and bridegroom made the unusual visit; and "how is Nancy?" was answered by old Peggy in a sad voice, as she drew her withered hand across her eyes. "But poorly, dear lady, but poorly; I think no next day's sun will brighten for her—yet every moment she turns her great eyes to the door, and seems to be looking for you, and when she heard your wheels, she smiled and bade me stand close here to bring you to her."

What a strange company, in that low, clean bed-chamber; a few benches neatly scoured, one or two framed pictures from the Bible hanging on the walls, a stand by the head of the bed with a tray of simples and a bunch of fresh flowers—flowers which Mary, even on her wedding day, had sent to soften the lonely hours of sickness; while on the bed in feebleness lay the attenuated frame of the patient sufferer; and there, too, to see the fair young bride bending low in her pure robes to catch the last whispered words as the old nurse and young man stood with sympathizing looks, was truly a most touching scene. "My dear Miss Mary, may the Lord love you and keep you all the days of your

life, and may you find in the hour of sickness and death as good a friend as poor 'little Nancy.' " Then extending her long, thin fingers, she drew the hands of both towards her, and moistened them with the last tear of expiring nature. They passed the spirit of the negress, leaving its benediction upon the beings she so loved.

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Twelve years! How long it appears in the future, how short with the past—how many of life's changes are written upon the eternal records of *that* past—how many hopes are blotted from its future as its dreams vanish under the garb of reality!

Yet not in sorrow, neither in disappointment, do we link the last day when George and Mary Dater left the pleasant home of Grove Bank to another some twelve years later, when a noisy group of little ones clapped their hands as the mother read a letter from "grandfather." That mother was Mary Dater, and as she continued to read, she was interrupted. "No, they'd heard enough." A family *meeting*, and they were all to go. "All, mother?" "Yes, every one." "*Every one?* the baby, too?—and will Cousin Ned and Kate, and old Biddy, and all go?" "Yes, every one." "And will Uncle Tim and his little folks, and Uncle Ben and his little folks, and *all* be there?" "Yes, children, *every one*; now go, and be happy." It needed no telling to be so, the difficulty was to know what to do in order to manifest that happiness. Away they scampered, wild with delight, with no definite idea of where and how they would vent their exuberant spirits. The boys tumbled over the house-dog, who was as wild as they, and appeared fully to enter into the feeling of them as they each told the dumb play-fellow how they were "all to go." Then they would toss their caps "as high as they could send" into the branches of the nearest trees; while Lucy, the "eldest" child, who certainly should be more "quiet," as her mother often said, was capering and dancing as wild as "the boys."

Are you, my reader, one of a large family, too—and do you come yearly to drink from the "old oaken bucket"—and do you often refresh the more parched spirit at the fountain of a mother's love? If so, you will sympathize with the merriment of the younger members, the placid and holy joy of the two elders of the family at Grove Bank, and the pride of the youthful parents of the rising flock. Everything for several days told of anticipated pleasure; old Nelly declared there was not a bit of metal "unpolished from cellar to garret;" the long shelves of the larder bent in their hangings from the weight of dainties, while the inner cupboard was fast locked to conceal the toys waiting for the expectant

children. All were gathered the day previously to the one appointed for the meeting; and joyously the shouts of the "young ones" filled every corner, the garden, the woods, the green-house, were all in requisition to furnish garlands and greens for the feast. But Lucy, the grand head of the cousins—because the eldest was filled with some "magnificent idea"—she was constantly running to the work-table in "the corner" for bits of thread, scissors, narrow ribbon, &c., and was evidently preparing something mysterious: like a fawn, she would dart here and there with a whisper to one and another, throw her arms around her grandmother, and clap her finger upon the lip of every child that came near, and with a very significant "hush, don't tell," would be off again, to hold secret counsel with Deva, "Uncle Tim's baby's German nurse," followed by a dozen or more intent on seeing all the fun.

It was early in the winter months, and, as the children said, the "family meeting had come." All the sons of Henry White who had gone forth alone to battle in the world's warfare during the last twelve years, were there. Every one: some with wives and little ones, others singly.

It needed no key to recognize in the group the persons of it. In her deep low chair in that same sacred corner was the stately matron—the mother of the company—with moist eye, gazing upon the last born, a sweet infant of a few weeks, which had been brought to lay by that warm heart and in that bosom,

which had so kindly sheltered the noble boys who now came in turn, bringing their own to receive each its portion of affection.

Flitting from corner to corner were the girls, like birds in their gay dresses; but presently, at a little signal from Lucy, they darted in the hall, soon returning with the secret of yesterday disclosed. It was a long chain of small wreaths, linked as many in number as there were grand-daughters, and they bore them singing the few lines:

"Bring flowers, fair flowers;"

then lightly banding about the chair of their dear grand-parent, they enclosed her in the circlet emblematical of their growing lives to throw flowers and sweetness about her path. The day closed in this tenderness of communion and prayer mingled with the family meeting.

My story is finished. I will not add the words of the melancholy bard. "Would it were worthier." Although inefficient the coloring and straggling touches, it still bears the impress of what is intended; and as the swallow is not despised in its humbleness for its not altogether unmusical twittering, so will I hope that the love I have felt for all, as I have sketched the outline of this domestic picture, may, like the same plain bird, nestle in a sheltered corner of your gentle feelings, and be suffered now and then to sing a broken note not displeasing even to ears attuned to softer strains.

## FALLEN GENIUS.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

No tears for him! he saw by faith sublime  
Through the wan shimmer of life's wasted flame,  
Across the green hills of the future time,  
The golden breaking of the morn of fame.

Faded by the diviner life, and worn,  
The dust has fallen away, and ye but see  
The ruins of the house wherein were borne  
The birth-pangs of an immortality.

His great life, of the wondrous life to be,  
Clasped the bright shadows that no sorrow mars,  
As some pale, shifting column of the sea,  
Mirrors the awful beauty of the stars.

What was Love's lily pressure, what the light  
Of its pleased smile? that a chance breath may  
His soul was mated with the winds of night, [chill;  
And wandered through the universe at will.

Oft in his heart its stormy passion woke,  
Yet from its bent his soul was only stirred,  
As is the broad green bosom of the oak  
By the light flutter of the summer bird.

18

As the strong eagle shall the fledgling flap  
Its wing audacious in the sun's bright face?  
Or the frail nursling of the April's lap  
The bearded Autumn woo to its embrace?

His loves were of forbidden realms, unwrought  
Of poet's rhyme, the music of his themes,  
Hovering about the watchfires of his thought,  
On the pale borders of the land of dreams.

The wailing of his spirit, orphaned, born,  
Unechoed on the hearts of men that fell,  
Shall fill the embrace of ages yet unborn—  
The voice of Genius is Time's parallel.

For while his hand with daring energy  
Fed the slow fire that, burning, must consume,  
The ravishing strings of unheard harmony  
Beat like a living pulse within the tomb.

Pillars of fire that wander through life's night,  
Children of genius, ye are doomed to be,  
In the embrace of your far-reaching light,  
Locking the radiance of eternity.

## THE BIBLIOPHILIST.

No. IV.

BY SAHAL-BEN-HAROUN.

## AUTHORS, BOOKS, AND LIBRARIES.

"I find myself collecting all my notes and common-places."—BULWER LYTTON'S "CAXTONS."

THE particulars of literary works are not a little interesting from the frequently curious circumstances which have accompanied their productions; from their facts, histories, and notitia, we not only gather the principles by which the writer has been governed, but they often mirror, as it were, the form and pressure of the times themselves, and serve to unveil those obscurities which many of our earlier writers have employed. Perhaps conforming to the sentiment of that Grecian, who observed: "What was to the purpose I *might* not say: what was not to the purpose I would not say;" or shackled by the cares, the wants of life, they may have experienced *à priori* those feelings of the gifted but unfortunate Colton, when he wrote.—"Literature has become a *game*, in which the booksellers are *kings*, the critics the *knaves*, the public the *pack*, and the poor author the mere *table* or *thing played upon*." Bitter as is the satire here launched forth, no one can dispute that there is any lack of truth in the assertion. Are not our libraries catacombs as well as shrines? stands not in every niche the fleshless forms of many who, in the struggles of their miserable lives, wrote, and starved, and died!—whose only patron has been Posterity, whose only friend the tomb; their bitter, brief inscription "*Implora Pace*."

We never enter a library without imagining each silent form supported by attendant spirits; the one enfolds a volume, sealed, and labelled "SUFFERINGS PAST!" the other an open page, on which we read "TRIUMPH ACHIEVED!" Change has indeed come o'er their dream of life; bonds, fetters, galling poverty, degrading want—but more degrading to the age which suffered it—are now for ever past. The martyred hosts are gone; their thoughts, those precious gifts and heritages remain. Though dead they speak, converse, instruct, command, forbid; our safest friends, our wisest counsellors!

If, says an eloquent French writer, there are books which keep alive the names of their authors, there are also authors whose names keep alive their books; and Johnson, at an earlier period, expressed the same idea. "Writers," he observes, "commonly derive their reputation from their works, but there are works which owe their reputation to the

character of their writers." Adopting either phase the facts are not less curious, or less worthy of our attention; for, singular as it may appear, instances are not unfrequent in which we have been enabled to learn more from the manner than the matter of an author, less from the work itself, than from the circumstances under which that work was written.

In a volume printed by Caxton, about 1483, entitled "The Book for Travellers," we have a singular instance of this contrast between method and matter. This very curious work, the author of which is not named, but most probably written under Caxton's direction, was composed, not as some would imagine from the title, for the assistance of voyagers in foreign countries, but for the benefit of the English nobility at home; who, from the change of the court-language, which had hitherto been exclusively French, but was then giving way to the English vernacular, might otherwise have found themselves strangers in their native country. The book contains the corresponding terms in both languages, "for things most generally talked of at court, especially such as relate to dress."

Chateaubriand, in noticing this change of language, points out a startling fact: "But for this act of the parliament under Richard III., while the three kingdoms were hesitating on the reëstablishment of the Norman-French, *Shakspeare* would have written in the idiom of *Rabelais*!"

In the year 1496, a work was printed at Heidelberg, in Germany, which, however it may alarm the disciples of Gall, for ever places in the shade that *savan's* claim to the invention or discovery of Phrenological Science. The book was accidentally found in the library of a gentleman at Cunnemara, in Ireland. It is in Latin, and the translation of the title reads: *The Pearl of Philosophy, or of the Division of Nature*; it was written by *Johannes Scotus Erigena*, (i. e. John the Irish-Scot) the celebrated assistant of Alfred the Great, in the foundation or reëstablishment of Oxford University, and the first instructor of the English people in astronomy, geometry, &c. The book contains a phrenologically mapped head, a reduced scale of which was published in the Dublin Penny Journal,



vol. 1, p. 61. Johannes, by the boldness of his opinions, incurred the displeasure of Pope Nicholas I., who wrote to Charles the Bald, at whose court he was then residing, either to send him to Rome, or banish him from the University of Paris. Charles being unwilling to offend the pope, advised Johannes to return to his native country, which he did in the year 864. Twenty years after this he came to England, and obtained the friendship of Alfred; his portrait, as well as that of his new patron, was placed over the door of the refectory of Brazenose College, sculptured in stone.

A very singular work appeared in France, in 1526, the title of which reads: "Champ Fleury, par Maitre Geoffroy Tory, Paris." The author of this volume, who was also the printer, was a person of considerable ingenuity, and not a little contributed to the improvement of his art; his book was in that day as great a curiosity as it now is in the libraries of our collectors. In the composition of this work, he derives the letters of the Latin alphabet from the Goddess Io, pretending that they are all formed from the two characters I and O. He then brings the letters into proportion with the human form and countenance, and after introducing a variety of extraneous matter, proceeds to give the true proportions of the different letters. For this purpose, he divides a square into ten lines, perpendicular and transverse, forming one hundred squares; these he completely fills with circles, from the whole of which he forms the figures and proportions of the alphabetical characters. This work among bibliographers is considered unique for its contrivance and ingenuity.

The *Brevissima Institutio*, better known as Lily's Latin Grammar, published in London, 1513, is curious from the fact that the *English rudiments* of this work were written by Dean Colet; the *preface* by Cardinal Wolsey; the *syntax* chiefly by Erasmus, and the remainder by other hands; so that although it bears Lily's name, he probably had not the largest share in the work, and therefore during his life, modestly refused the honor of having it ascribed to him.

Clement Marot's French version of the Psalms, which appeared in 1542, claims particular notice, not so much from its intrinsic excellence, as for its being the foundation of the psalmody adopted in the ritual of the reformed churches, and in its popular reception, strongly exhibiting the levity of the French court and people at that period.

His first edition contained only thirty psalms, which he dedicated to his patron, Francis I.; to these he subsequently added twenty more, which, with an additional eight, the translators of which were never well

known, were printed at Rome, at the command of Pope Paul III. Bayle has furnished both Warton and D'Israeli with some very interesting particulars of this "holy song-book."

No work was ever more eagerly received by all classes of that day; we are told, they sold faster than the printers could take them from their presses; but as they were understood to be *songs*, and yet were not accompanied by music, every one set them to favorite tunes, commonly those of popular ballads.\*

Each of the royal family, and every nobleman, chose a psalm or a song which expressed his own personal feelings, which he adapted to his own tune. The Dauphin, afterwards Henry II., a great hunter, when he went to the chase, was singing *Ainsi qu'on vit le cerf*; "Like as the hart." There is a curious picture of the mistress of this king, the famous Diane de Poitiers, on which this verse is inscribed. Diane, however, in the first stage of their mutual attachment, took for her choice, *Du fonds de ma pensée*, "From the depths of my heart." The queen's favorite was *Ne veuilles pas, O sire*, that is "Rebuke me not in thine indignation," which she sang to a fashionable jig. Anthony, King of Navarre, sang *Revenge moy prens le querelle*, or, "Stand up, my quarrel to revenge;" to the air of a dance of Poitou.

Beside the poetical dedication to the king, Marot accompanied his version with an epistle *Aux Dames de France*, "To the Ladies of France," in which he declares in a spirit of religious gallantry, that his design is to add to the happiness of his fair countrywomen by substituting divine hymns in the place of amorous ditties; but as songs that are silent about love would not find favor in their estimation, he therefore offered them some composed by Love itself; each song was love, but more than mortal! and he concludes by desiring them

"——With light heart that wants no wing,—  
Sing from this holy song-book, sing!"

The universal reception of this extraordinary work, induced Theodore Beza to finish the collection; and, according to Bayle, ten thousand copies were rapidly run off, and distributed. In later days Luther and Calvin made a much better appropriation of these psalms than the original versifier.

The very rare work *Pasquillorum, Tomi Duo* was printed at Basil in 1544; the first volume containing the verse, the second the prose *pasquinades* or satires, which had appeared in Rome; forming an ingenious sub-

\* Of the popularity of these *psalms* some idea may be formed from the reference Shakspeare has evidently made to them in his *Winter's Tale*, (which dates about 1611,) Act. 4, Sc. 2,—"*The Puritan singing psalms to hornpipes.*"

stitute for publishing to the world what no Roman newspaper would have dared to print.

Misson, in his "Travels in Italy," ascribes the derivation of these satires to the wit and raillery of one *Pasquin*, a tailor in Rome, whose shop, like that of the famous Burchiello, the Florentine barber, was the lounge for the gossips of his day, who flocked from all parts to listen to his wit and satirical sallies. From the celebrity acquired by this man, it became a custom with the Romans to call any lampoons of the day particularly biting or severe, *Pasquinades*. After his death, the statue of a gladiator was found under the pavement before his shop, which was soon set up, and by universal consent inscribed with his name, and to this figure the wits of the day were accustomed to attach their squibs on the passing events. Subsequently the statue of Mars was discovered among the ruins of the Forum, and, as it happened, it was placed in an opposite part of the city, when the wags determined that *Marforio*, as they had dubbed the statue, should serve as an auxiliary to *Pasquin*, in the method of question and answer.

Some of these labels, which were always placed in their position during the concealment of night, were of the bitterest species of satire, while others served for a momentary or passing jest. When one of the popes, who had risen from a very humble condition, advanced his sisters (who in earlier times had served the public as "purifiers of household linen") to the highest titles of nobility, *Pasquin* one morning inquired by label, "My dear *Marforio*, why is it you wear such a sad colored shirt?" the answer to which was, "My dear *Pasquin*, I cannot help myself for the present, my washerwoman has just been created a princess!"

Sallengre, in his Literary Memoirs, has given an account of this work, which contains among other classes, passages from the Scriptures which have been applied to the Roman court, and to different persons and nations, with quotations from Virgil, frequently most happily applied.

These satirical propensities we find exhibited so early as the times of the Troubadours; William, an Anglo-Norman *trouvère*, about the twelfth century, and author of *Les Joies de Notre Dame*, composed a very curious allegorical poem on the three words *Smoke*, *Rain* and *Woman*, which he says drive a man from his home. *Smoke* he interprets as *pride*; *rain*, *covetousness*, and *woman* he—most abominably—sets down as "unholy passion;" which three things he declares exclude from heaven, the home of man.

Let us now turn to the observation of a few of the circumstances and difficulties which have attended the publication of some of our most approved standard works, and their per-

plexed and unfortunate authors. Many of these books went begging from publisher to publisher, and were only accepted by a sort of accident at last. Dean Prideaux's "Connection between the Old and New Testament," a work of infinite labor, was bandied about from hand to hand between five or six booksellers for two years without finding a purchaser. One publisher gravely told the author "the subject required the addition of a little humor to suit his trade." At last, on the recommendation of Echard, Jacob Tonson became the fortunate publisher. Robinson Crusoe, the most natural fiction ever written, ran through the whole trade, and was at last purchased by a bookseller, who, though not particularly remarkable for his discernment, managed to clear a *thousand guineas* by his bargain. From the pages of this incomparable narrative, Burekhardt, the Arabian traveller, was accustomed to amuse his host and the wandering Bedouins, when seated round their camp fires at the close of day.

The antiquary Stowe, who had devoted a long life to literary labor, was forced in his *eightieth year* to petition James I. for "a licence to collect alms for his subsistence;" when the prayer was granted, the gratitude evinced for the labors of forty-five years for the service and good of his country, and the exhaustion of the whole of his pecuniary resources, resulted in one entire parish in the city of London, contributing the disgraceful amount of *seven shillings and sixpence!*

Burn's "Justice," and Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," were sold by their authors for a trifle each; to this day they yield an annual income to the publishers. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," it is true, was purchased for sixty pounds; the purchasers annually cleared more than ten times that amount, which, however, to poor "Goldy," was a "temporary fortune." Johnson fixed the price of his "Biography of the Poets" at two hundred pounds, but the outlay was a most profitable investment on the part of the publisher. Blair's "Sermons" were rejected by Strahan, the bookseller; and Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" met with the same treatment, till it fell into the hands of Dodsley, who saw its humor and gave it to the public. Miss Burney's "Evelina" produced only five pounds. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" were declined by every bookseller in London and Edinburgh, and was published at last, on condition that the author should be content with the sum of *ten pounds* only till a second edition had appeared.

It was probably with reference to this early disappointment of his "hope," that we are indebted for his toast at a "booksellers dinner," which occurred shortly after Pam, the German publisher, had been executed by order of Napoleon. When the cloth was removed, Camp-



bell was called on for a toast, when, with much earnestness as well as gravity of manner, he proposed the health and prosperity of Bonaparte. The company, in much amazement, asked for an explanation, which the poet immediately tendered as follows: "Gentlemen," said Campbell, his eye sparkling with delight and humor, "I give you Napoleon Bonaparte, he is a fine fellow—he shot a bookseller!"

At the trade-sale of the Robinsons' in London, some years ago, the copy-right of "Vyse's Spelling-book" sold at the enormous price of £2,200, with an annuity of fifty guineas to the author! More than twenty years back "Dr Mavor's Spelling-book" had run through four hundred profitable editions.

The "Church History" of Fuller was composed in Sion College, London, in which retreat Psalmanazar also wrote his part of the "Universal History." Anthony Wood compiled his work at Merton and in the Bodleian Library, and with his dying hands still grasped his beloved papers, while his last thoughts dwelt on his "Athenæ Oxoniensis." Hume's "England" was written in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh; Hallam and Macaulay composed in their own rooms and within the walls of the British Museum. Johnson's gigantic dictionary was arranged from the volumes which his booksellers had lent him; while Gibbon, more fortunate, wrote from the books which his own means enabled him to possess. Roseoe compiled his "Lorenzo" from the imperfect resources of a few collections in the then comparatively insignificant town of Liverpool. Southey for his "Brazil" and other works, was, like Gibbon, indebted to the stores of his own collection.

The earliest library of which we have any record was the one at Memphis, formed by Osmandyas, King of Egypt. Chronologists have placed this monarch cotemporary with David, King of Israel.

The most remarkable English collections in the middle ages were those of the celebrated Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and Lord High Chancellor to Edward III. This princely bibliophilist, besides the fixed libraries in his different palaces, "so covered the floors of his apartments with books, that those who entered could not with due reverence approach him." He kept also a number of writers, illuminators and binders constantly employed in copying, beautifying and preserving all the works of merit he could procure. So great was his love of literature, that it is stated he preferred taking his fees of office in books rather than in money. He was a man of noble spirit, and not only chose his chaplains for their piety and condition, but took also special care of their future fortunes and advancement.

In the year 1220 there were not less than

seventy public libraries in Arabian Spain; the entire number of volumes was computed at 250,000. The Spanish Jews were greatly devoted to literature.

Pamphilus, presbyter of Cæsarea, A. D. 294, erected a library in that place containing 30,000 volumes, (manuscripts) which he lent to those who were religiously disposed. Jerome particularly notices this fact, and Dr. A. Clarke considers this as the first notice we have of a circulating library.

A bookseller named Bathoe residing in the Strand, established the first circulating library in London, about 1740; but Allan Ramsay, in Edinburgh, had set an example a few years before. The first circulating library in Europe, was instituted at Wetzlar, in Prussia, by Winkler, the bookseller and printer, towards the close of the seventeenth century.

In the Royal Library at Stockholm, an excellent system is adopted of giving to each class of books a distinct color of binding. Amongst the manuscripts, the most curious is one brought from Prague after the conquest of that city, and called the "Devil's Bible," from a fanciful representation of that personage, though it is also known as the "Codex Giganteus," a name very appropriate to its contents which comprise the Latin Vulgate, the works of Josephus, some treatises of St. Isidore, a Chronicle of Bohemia, and several Opuscula.

A brief notice of catalogues must conclude our subject. D'Israeli has justly stated: "There are few things by which we can so well trace the history of the human mind as by a classed catalogue with dates of the first publication of books; even their relative prices at different periods, their decline, their rise, and then again their fall, form a chapter in this history. We become critics by this literary chronology, and this appraisal of auctioneers," for, as this writer well continues, "the favorite book of every age is a certain picture of the people: the gradual depreciation of a great author marks a change in knowledge or in taste."

The classified catalogue of the British Museum will—when completed—form a little library of itself. Perhaps the oldest catalogue in the regions of literature, certainly the oldest in England, is that of the celebrated library of Egbert, Archbishop of York, A. D. 801. It was written by his librarian Aleuinus, as a Latin poem, a translation of which was made by M'Nicoll some years since.

There is another catalogue extant, now preserved in the Cottonian Library, which belonged to the book collection of Athelstan, A. D. 940, first king of the English, and grandson of Alfred the Great. These two are the oldest catalogues of British libraries that are known.

## PRIVATE OPINIONS PUBLICLY EXPRESSED.

## SOME THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

Effie Foote was a beauty. Of course she knew it. Everybody had taken the trouble to whisper that sweet assurance in her hearing quite audibly, from the days of her cannibal-hood till she became a woman.

What sort of child she was, the reader knows per consequence of this premise; what manner of woman she became, people not gifted with the spirit of prophecy might have foretold—the nature of this womanhood may be summed up in four striking adjectives.—She was vain, trifling, heartless and ignorant. But it does not follow that if she was all this, it was her fortune to be shunned and despised. No such thing.

I do not know or assert that those aforementioned adjectives would be properly significant of Effie Foote's *natural* characteristics. I do not know that Nature meant her to be a mere sweet, weak creature; it strikes me that Nature never meant any woman to subside into such a thing. No! such women are of the world's manufacture! For does it not manifestly appear, reader, that the heritage of supreme sorrow and suffering, and the heritage of joys and hopes *as* supreme, which are the birth-right of every daughter of the world, would naturally preclude all on whom the noble crown of womanhood is laid, from becoming the foolish "toy of an hour?" Yet it was just such a creature that the custom, the false-hearted and wicked custom of the world, had made of the beautiful Effie Foote.

When she was a little four-year-old, Effie's portrait was taken, and hung in a conspicuous place in the elegant parlor of her father's elegant mansion. Every person visiting there must admire it—must wonder if it were meant to represent an angel—must turn to the beautiful little original to draw comparisons most favorable to her vanity. When she grew older, and it became absolutely necessary that she should be sent to school, it was only to be followed, flattered, and petted, to be excused from tasks on the idlest plea, to be helped in a magical way through books, whose titles she hardly knew, to stumble through examinations—to win from all but one brilliantly gifted but extraordinarily plain girl, admiration and friendship, and that peculiar kind of affection which beauty arouses in most minds.

In the particular application to "the case in point," of Mercy Greene's remark, there is somewhat more of truth than courtesy, "To

be a beauty is to be a fool,"—and in a subsequent outburst of eloquence, personality and impudence, in the form of a composition entitled "Beauty and the Beast," there was enough of offense taken by *the* Beauty—and enough of private discussion and quarrelling arose among the advocates of the two girls, to call for an especial reprimand on the head of the offending Mercy Greene, and this was backed by a requirement that she should apologize to the offended Miss Foote.

As may be imagined neither of these young damsels forgot very soon the indignity each felt to have been put upon her. Mercy Greene was not fortunate in such a number of supporters and friends as her rival, but then she was a "host in herself," and her *not* whispered declaration that she had rather be her plain, poor, proper self, than Miss Beauty Foote even if she had to dig for a living, was uttered in a spirit of self-respect and independence, that would have sustained her in a far more momentous battle.

Mercy was poor, but a girl of strong mind and great capacities. She was a charity scholar, (have you any interest in her, reader?) and the home to which she returned, when the hours of hard study were past, was very different from that which welcomed the daughter of rich Esquire Foote. No servant waited her "beck and call." Mercy's own hands, morning and evening, performed the work of the household, for her invalid mother was unable to take upon herself any of these responsible duties. Cook, waiter, and maid of all work, seamstress, laundress, washerwoman, and general manager—from none of these wearing services could she be freed, for there was none other to take her place. But gladder, more hearty and "sunny smiles" awaited the coming home of Mercy Greene, than ever were called up by the presence of any other only daughter, and the little old house rung more merrily with laughter when the joyous and joy-inspiring girl was there, than did ever the great stately rooms and halls of the Beauty's home.

A wonderful change came over her when the doors, which shut out the pitifully proud world, were closed, and Mercy stood among her own. The teachers had scarcely recognized the homely, "disagreeable," independent girl, in the form of that *not* comely but good genius, whose pent-up thoughts and affections burst forth in a perfect flood-tide, when in the



evenings she chatted with the dear ones of home. Complete indeed was her transformation at such times. No cause for disguising her affections, fears, and hopes *there*; no occasion for assuming that unnatural solemnity and taciturnity.

A gay, glad creature, not beautiful it is true, at least not after the fashion of Effie Foote, nor in any eyes save those of her kindred, who alone *knew* her; such was Mercy, a noble, brave girl, who gave promise to those who could appreciate her, of being a true and noble woman.

One night she went home from school at a swifter pace than usual, but no lightness of heart prompted the fleetness with which she hastened to her mother. There was a sad, disconsolate look in her young face, and a frown contracted her brows. When she had reached home she calmed herself by a great effort, and went about the house performing her several duties, more slowly than usual.—Mechanically as an automaton she prepared the evening meal, but hardly partook of it herself, and when the night's work was finally dispatched and the two boys were gone out, she sat down to her books, and seemed to bury herself in the thoughts of the pages, instead of gossiping for an hour with the dear old mother.

But Mercy was not studying. Her eyes fixed upon the words, but they were all Greek to her; she could not have committed one new idea to memory—her mind was tumultuous with its own new ideas, she had no room for other people's. The mother observed this strange mood with great anxiety, yet, though astonished and troubled, she did not speak. She thought, she will tell me her trouble presently, and then it will pass away, and so the old lady fell to dreaming in a real motherly way about that astonishing child.

But she was soon roused from this pleasant dreaming by the girl's voice, how strangely sharp and quick it sounded!

"Mother! just think how ridiculous! I've had to apologize again, to that fool of an Effie Foote!"

"Why, what *had* you done, Mercy? was it *right* that you should apologize?"

"How can you ask that? Haven't I shunned her as I would the plague ever since I wrote that composition? To-day I found some verses in my desk, about charity scholars. It was her handwriting, I know that well enough. I took the verses to her and told her she was a fool, with all her riches, and she'd find out some day more about charity scholars, me in particular. And while I talked to her, oh! she looked so red and mean! and the girls came standing round to hear, I grew so angry I lost all control over myself and I shook her. Then she cried, and the teachers came in, and

I had to ask her pardon! O, heavens! I believe I shall die. At all events, mother, I will never set my foot inside those doors again; never—never—never—never!"

Mercy's voice had risen to a perfect shout, as she went on with her story; she stood up, facing her mother, while the words rung out tempestuously.

"Oh, Mercy! Mercy! do calm yourself," exclaimed the parent; "you'll go crazy, and I shall, too, if you don't put some restraint on your temper. You are too proud—you'll ruin your prospects!"

"Prospects!" reiterated the excited girl. "Grand prospects—to be twitted till I'm almost dead with my poverty! I'd rather be a slave in anybody's kitchen than go on in this way. I'll not look for any future—I hope I mayn't have one."

The invalid could only weep. For she, too, poor creature, felt keenly the insults which unfeeling girls had many a time put upon her child. She knew well through what a fiery trial Mercy would have to pass, and she could but fear that with those unsubdued, strong passions, and that deep-seated pride, she would rather win the crown of martyrdom than that of victory.

To the determination of for ever leaving the school, Mercy rigidly adhered. It was in vain that the principal of the institution, when he heard of her resolve, went to her and urged his most promising pupil to return, giving his word that she should never again be exposed to the insulting remarks of other scholars. It was in vain that one of the lady teachers sought the humble home, and besought her favorite to come back, more than once hinting that she was quite of Mercy's opinion respecting the vain beauty. It was in vain that the mother urged—for once her child proved disobedient. Only one "chose sides" with the besieged girl; her dear young confidante *Tom*. He applauded her resolution in magnificent terms, and wished the rich girl were only a boy, and wouldn't he whip her!

Elliot, the eldest of the little family, a persevering and handsome youth, who would, so surely as he lived, make his way *handsomely* through the world, was the only one who refrained from striving to influence his sister's mind, in either way. He knew her capacities and peculiar powers by intuition, better than they all, and felt confident that whatever she did would be just right. It's a fine thing for one human being to have such perfect confidence in another as he had in his sister!

The young and feeling teacher who, at the close of her interview with the self-expelled scholar, told her that she applauded her resolution after all, without making known her intention, made exertions to secure for Mercy a situation as under teacher in a popular and

flourishing school in the western part of their native state. Her efforts were successful, and when she made known the proposal to the grateful and affectionate girl, it was at once accepted, and Mercy, with all her high-spiritedness and pride, knew that she was not humbling herself, when she knelt before that woman, and blessed her repeatedly.

Shortly after her departure for this sphere of active and ennobling duty, Esquire Foote removed himself with his elegant wife to a certain city, where their daughter's education was being *finished*. They wished that Effie should have all the advantages which money could buy; a most laudable wish, by the way, but it's a great pity that hearts and intellects may not be bought with cash, isn't it?

Several years then passed away.

These many months wrought great changes, some very happy ones, in the fortunes of Mercy Greene. Not in her personal appearance, be it observed. By no possibility could imagination make an approved shape of the so prominent nose—and the dark eyes were quite too far sunken, the mouth had too greatly exceeded the bounds of an artist's ideal—the dark hair encroached too boldly over the broad forehead—and there was besides a scar upon one cheek. Still there was that in Mercy Greene's appearance, which conveyed a clear idea of mental superiority, and natural nobility, and none listening to her words and conversation, could longer wonder what manner of charm that was which attracted so many friends to that exceedingly plain lady.

The principal of the seminary in her native village, tired and worn-out with school teaching, one day saw fit to resign his place, and Mercy was invited to succeed him. And it was with a glad and thankful heart, that she, every way competent to assume such charge, accepted the call, and hastened to make her home once more among her own people.

The "charity scholar" was at that time all that her youth had promised to herself, more than it had promised to others. She was an intellectual woman, whose heart was full of kindly feelings and true sympathies; there was no "make believe" in her friendliness. She had never taken away the hearth-fires of that heart, to make brighter the chambers of the mind. Had she chanced to labor with her pen, there would have been none, or few to surpass her, for truth was in her voice, religion in her heart, and genius illuminated her brain. But fortune had chosen for her this less prominent occupation, of instructing others, and of necessity she stood foremost in its ranks.

The young thirsting minds brought in contact with her own were all enriched, and the best reward she sought was hers, the pupils loved while they respected their teacher.

Mercy was yet young, very young to occupy so responsible a position; but it was supported with a dignity and a grace, which deservedly won confidence!

Little Tom, the dearly loved, who had from his infancy been the child of her care in a peculiar sense, was answering all the hopes she had formed of him. He was ambitious, but she was *good*, and the knowledge of all his sister had been to him incited to virtuous and manly exertion, which bade fair to quite conquer the tendency to indolence, once so very apparent, which had often troubled her.

As to the invalid mother, rest from anxiety, from the presence and the dread of want—the dawning and brightening of better days, had secured her hold on life more firmly; the promise of many and happy years was hers. And Elliot—the high-minded elder son, the dignified, energetic, determined, and industrious—his way also was clear before him. There was meaning in the thoughtfulness which spoke from his eyes in boyhood—there was meaning in that calm perseverance with which, even in ordinary tasks, he went forward to their fulfillment. There was boldness of design, and capacity to carry forward such designs to completion, that had warranted prophesy in his success in any great aim, that indeed insured his success.

Elliot Greene had no patrons. His broad genius had not taken any peculiar form, such as would attract the notice of rich idlers, who were willing to secure the gratitude of any poor youth, who bade fair to be "somebody" some day. Entering any of the professions was out of the question, and for sea or army life he had no taste. To one guided by such motives, attended by such a spirit as he was, any virtuous occupation that compassed the ends he had in view, was a noble one. Elliot entered a dry-goods store, the youngest and most uninformed of the clerks of a respectable merchant; to that employment and that employer he held steadfast.

In course of time he became an invaluable aid to "the firm:" capital he had not, but clear-sightedness and power of calculation he had, and great mental force; and his daring, which was always held in check by strong judgment, gave an impetus and a success to his master's business, which opened their eyes to the fact that the youth was worth taking into partnership; though it must be confessed they did not make this discovery till, at the close of the sixth year of clerkship, Elliot made known his intention to seek a fortune elsewhere.

Long before old age set in, with its hoarfrost, and cold, he was numbered among the "merchant princes" of a great mercantile city, but Elliot Greene had not sold either intellect or heart for such profession. He



was a model rich man—one worthy the fortune of a Cæsar; full of kindly charitableness of word and deed—a noble man. But between his wealthy old age, and his youth, there was an interim. What of that?

It so happened that his home was made in the same city where our quite forgotten beauty dwelt.

Effie was a lady of fashion there—an admired and much sought-after belle. The wealth of the esquire and his aristocratic connexions, had secured him a place immediately in the “best society,” and when his only daughter “came out,” nothing less than a “sensation” could have been produced by her beauty and manifest heiress-ship.

Into this circle, at a later day, that is, in his thirtieth year, Elliot Greene was welcomed gladly. He was handsome, gentlemanly, and of the best firm in the city, and therefore was under no necessity of worming himself into the rank and file. Those in whose way the young man was thrown could not be blind to his superior powers and address. Discerning old merchants with grown up daughters, needed but to look at him, to watch his manner of doing business, in order to discover what his future would be. No eye-glass was needed to discover his virtues and his strength.

There was one among the many who regarded Elliot with an interest peculiarly deep. Effie Foote remembered the boy—brother of Mercy Greene; her lip was curled in scorn, when, for the first time, in the halls of fashion, her attention was directed to him. She had not forgotten the charity scholar. But it was not in Effie Foote’s power to look with long-continued *scorn* upon this man. People whose opinion had a weight, even with her trifling mind, pronounced him superior—beautiful—intellectual. Now the belle knew he was beautiful; “splendid fellow” he was not precisely, to her view—but handsome he was; she knew also that his “deep-toned voice” thrilled through her heart in a way that was strange. The lady had wearied, as a child with playthings, of the lisped courtesies of the boy-lovers, who had so long crowded around her. And though she would not acknowledge it to another, she felt that this new-comer into the circles of fashion was one of the astonishingly few worthy the name of—*man*!

Willing to forget the low tone of mind the belle had evinced in her childhood—and a little curious to learn what sort of woman the nabob of the school had become, Elliot sought Effie Foote’s acquaintance, as a friend. But such friendship was not, strange to relate, to be had; the *lady* gave the merchant to know, in a way rather too plain than otherwise, that with the children of plebeians she had no sort of intercourse. Ah! ’twas well Effie had no taste for the study of pedigree!

But Effie found, to her cost ere long, that she had been too swift in disclaiming the acquaintance and friendship of the young merchant.

Quite unaccountably her self-conceit and then her heart began to question “what does he think of me?” She wished she had not received his advances so coldly, and she wished she had not told that brave, honest, little Kitty Johnson about “hateful Mercy Greene,” for said Kitty was ere long seen often leaning on Elliot’s arm, and that gentleman smiled quite tenderly upon her. In short, for the fiftieth time in her life, Effie began to fancy herself really in love, though it was with shame and confusion of heart that she made room for this imagination.

If Elliot had persisted in seeking her acquaintance, if he had pressed his attentions upon her after that first slight, in order that he might, at some future time, serpent-like, turn upon her, his object would now have been won. But he had sought no such petty revenge—he had not thought the trifling woman worthy one seriously angry reflection—he had made no subsequent advances after being so summarily repulsed, for he had never for an instant been charmed by this charmer. From boyhood he had cherished quite another ideal of womanly beauty and excellence than her name answered to—and he had found, even as Effie half feared, in little Kitty Johnson a nearer approach to Mercy’s spiritual loveliness than he had ever really hoped to find!

The coldness and entire insensibility with which he received, and sometimes accepted, the frequent invitations to her father’s house, awakened first the astonishment, and then, whatever of determination there was in the belle, he should acknowledge her presence in another way than by the formal bow, cold greeting and common-places of conversation. He should put aside that overpowering dignity of manner, which charmed, while it awed her—his *heart* should bow before her.

Effie’s strange (not uncommon) ideas in regard to the natural affinities induced her to really believe that father’s bank stock and her own pretty face were quite omnipotent, capable of subduing any mortal man’s heart.—(Conscience would be a more proper word.) She would have smiled then on Elliot Greene, even had she known that he sought her with purpose as sordid as had influenced many or her rejected suitors to propose—and alas he sought her not at all!

There are minds which pecuniary loss, and the idea of poverty would quite paralyze, which are roused to an unnatural power of thought and calculation, by a wound however slight inflicted on pride or vanity, and we hazard nothing in saying that the real passion which

finally usurped the cold superciliousness in Effie's heart regarding Elliot Greene had never found birth or lodgment in her, but for his coldness and insensibility.

When this passion led her at last to forget herself so far as to lay down her heart at his feet on a St. Valentine's eve of a leap year, with an earnestness and withal a confidence which were not to be misunderstood; when she was forced to take back to herself this proffered and rejected heart; when she felt, as she shrunk from his calm, astonished gaze, and listened to his coldly courteous words, that she was after all sprung of a more ignoble race than he; when she felt and knew all this, her passion turned to bitterness, to hate, to a longing for revenge! It was the necessary consequence of such a repulse, in a nature weak, and superficial, and uncultivated as this rich woman's.

Dark and vile thoughts took the place of that intense longing for his admiration and love. She would not, in that hour of humiliation and anger, have hesitated to aid any evil spirit in blighting the hope and ruining the prospects of Elliot, could that have been done by any mean, low, covert act. An open, pride-prompted hate, she dared not evince—but she would have helped tarnish his good name—she would have gladly conspired to break the heart of the young girl who was bound up in him; she would have breathed the tainting breath of malice upon him, but a high, open standard even of enmity was what she knew nothing about.

Mercy Greene was become the centre of a circle of noble beings, who honored while they loved her.

The fresh and kindly sympathies of her nature attached rich and poor to her alike. Full and beautiful was the life she lived—but her inner "heart history" remained yet to be told, aye, to be learned. Of a love beyond that all-earth-comprehending kindness and sympathy, which distinguished her, she knew not. Her manner of life had not fitted her for attracting even the notice of those who were best calculated to appreciate and understand her, and as to the triflers, they were afraid of her.

There had been many to prophecy that singleness of fortune was all that would ever attend Mercy. The reserve, dignity and studious habits of the lady may have given rise to this belief; there was surely nothing to induce such an idea in that thirst which she had ever for human love and sympathy, which equalled that of the hart for the water brooks; which kept her soul warm and her hopes genial long after the blush of youth had fled!

But there was a change yet to come over the spirit of Mercy's dream as well as that of other folks.

A gentleman, whose ancestral domain lay in the village where she lived, who had, on the death of his last surviving parent, gone abroad for many years, suddenly returned "unannounced," as he was "unbidden."

The delightfully extravagant habits he had contracted abroad, which were warranted by his great fortune, soon evinced themselves in the overhauling of the old mansion, which was fitted up in splendid style, and in the dashing equipage which startled the quiet streets of the little town.

The parents of Mr. Theodore Buchan were Southerners—report said that the son was talented, fond of gaiety and display, and a perfect gentleman of course. What had sent him from the great world where he might have, and doubtless had, figured in a very satisfactory way, to that quiet village was a mystery to all wonderers. He said he was weary of the folly of the world, but some wise ones rolled up their eyes as they listened to this oft-repeated declaration.

Mr. Buchan rarely made his appearance in public gatherings—and surely it was nobody else than Fate who sent him to a levee at the Seminary, where and when, for the first time, he sought and made acquaintance with the honored principal.

I verily believe Fortune meant these two beings for one another; at all events a mutual attraction was quite perceptible to themselves from that first interview. The new comer was spell-bound by the appearance of the homely, but gifted woman. He listened to her with evident admiration and appreciation, and entered with hearty zeal into a conversation such as he had rarely held with the women among whom he had moved. Scores beyond the count of Effie's had he found—but rarely one like her, who, in her gaiety, as well as in her seriousness, sounded the depths where those pearls lie, whose real existence the Effies' never even suspected.

And in turn Mercy Greene was charmed, and she knew it. The words, the smooth flowing eloquent sentences, the feeling, deep learning and wit of Mr. Buchan lent such variety and interest to his conversation, that it both surprised and pleased her. She was flattered, too, for Mr. Buchan had troubled himself to do what his very manner betrayed he seldom did, to exhibit a mind well stored with knowledge, a vigorous, well-ripened intellect, and a confidence in his own capacity, as well as a deferential regard for her own, which pleased her well. One who knew her had seen, even on that first evening of meeting, that Mercy Greene was conscious this stranger would appeal for admittance, and not in vain, at the inner portal of her heart.

It is needless to say how, at every succeeding interview, these favorable impressions in



the minds of each, and in the hearts of each were revived, strengthened and increased. It is needless to tell how a brighter prospect than she had yet known dawned finally on even plain, unpretending Mercy Greene, or how, with a heart burdened with happiness, she heard the first love words of Theodore Buchan, and how honestly she responded to them.

The lover wished to free her at once from the duties binding upon her, which he considered so irksome. But of this Mercy would not hear. The summer months would quickly pass, then she would resign her post to another, and thenceforth teach only him. Ah, reader, those summer months were a trial-time to her—they left a record of sorrow in her heart that passed not soon away!

The cities poured forth their vanities of vanity over the country, and to the village in question came a not young, but still a brilliant belle, who longed, she said, "to look once more on the scenes of her childhood." Bah!

It was Effie Foote—she had returned after many years to the place where her early school days were passed, to visit a rich relative who lived among the country folks, little known and less loved, even as her father had long ago.

What happened next?

Theodore Buchan, who had been gayest of the gay and the worldly in the high courts of fashion, was at once attracted by the beauty and glitter of the stylish maiden. She could dance, she could sing divinely—she walked with the majestic grace of a queen, and managed a horse superbly. Neither of these could Mercy do—and alas! her earnest eloquence, her simple-heartiness, what poor offsets were these in the mind of a man who all at once was forcibly reminded that nature meant him to be a "man of the world!"

Now what was there, in this beauty, you wonder, that *he* could fancy? He was educated, and talented; he had conned with apparently delighted eyes the richly freighted pages of his betrothed lady's heart; he had vowed to love and cherish her—not publicly, it is true—yet he was bound. What could such a man discover in Effie Foote to love?

Facts only can I give; far into the recesses of such hearts as his, I cannot and have no wish to penetrate. A month of parties, rides, drives, and so forth, followed the belle's advent, and then the Exodus was made, and had there been a Pharaoh in the village to whom she might have appealed, Mercy would never have uttered a word to restrain the recreant lover from following that heartless, soulless woman, to her city home.

Buchan returned not to the country that summer, nor ever after! but Rumor came ever and anon telling how he figured among

the "lions" at Saratoga, "observed of all observers," and the object of more than a dozen desperate ladies' attentions.

These "rumors" were all too fully endorsed to one poor woman, when a package came one day to Mercy Greene, containing the miniature she had given him—ah, he had so prized it once!—and the letters she had written. Accompanying these was a properly formal note, which stated that while he entertained for her the highest respect and for her talents extreme admiration, he had long been convinced that a union between them could never conduce to their mutual happiness, etc., etc., etc.

Oh, senseless fool! How little did he know the value of that heart, and of that intellect which he had flung away, for a something in human shape, that was little better than the "sounding brass!"

Not long after this transaction, too despicably low to be told of, could it possibly be avoided, in the columns of a paper was chronicled the marriage of this Mr. Buchan with the city lady, and thus Effie Foote found a husband, and—*revenge!* For, in seeking to win the handsome and wealthy lover of Mercy Greene, there was acting in her quite as much of the "old leaven of malice," as of that new law, which commands people "to love one another!"

At the same time with the announcement of marriage, the world was made acquainted with the important fact that the happy pair had gone southward, as the honeymoon was to be spent on the vast estates of the above-named gentleman.

Of course the predictions uttered in Mercy's youth were verified. She never married—died an old maid! Even so, my reader! But such a woman, such a maid! heigho! Her day and generation was blessed by the presence of *one* true woman, at least, who lived and loved loftily, nobly—who, even when shamefully deserted, thought not to "pine away and die;" who, on the contrary, awoke then to a still loftier energy, and became purified as an angel, even in the flesh.

Oh, that in His mysterious Providence—

"He should let a lyre of Heaven  
Be played on by such hands with touch so rude!"

Yet, had Mercy been capable of rejoicing in the sorrows and calamities of those who had wronged her, she had ample opportunity for rejoicing; for when that passionate admiration for the beautiful, so fully developed in Theodore Buchan, was surfeited in the lovely drapery nature had hung around a vacant head and a bad heart, when he knew that in her beauty was all of a satisfying nature that could be found in her, his eyes wearied, his heart sickened—he repented himself in bitterness of sorrow!

And Effie—well, they were divorced in the fourth year of their marriage, and were free then once more! Now, reader, my private opinion (don't tell anybody for the world!) on this particular subject, is this: It is the greatest pity that *money* which can buy an union, can also buy a separation. The punishment of human beings who dare desecrate, by entering lightly into the sacred sacrament of marriage, should be an eternal adherence, an everlasting cohesion!

Would there not then be to the minds of such covenanters a deeper meaning in that

solemn service by which people are "married and given in marriage?" Women would scarcely be flattered into a union for which they are totally unfit; a mere transient admiration, elicited by a pretty face, would scarcely prove a sufficiently strong incentive to man's *daring* profess to love, honor and cherish a woman whom he does *not* really love—whom he *cannot possibly honor*—whom he will by no means cherish, when the blush of her beauty and the youthful silveriness of her voice are gone!

## HUNGARY'S SLAIN.

BY LYRA.

THEY lie upon her mountain-heights, and on her  
thousand hills,  
In all her green and shaded vales, and by her sing-  
ing rills;  
Where'er the summer zephyr waves, or winter's  
wild winds sweep,  
With batter'd helmets and broken crests, Hungaria's  
heroes sleep.

Firm as the granite rock, they stood 'mid battle's  
wildest glow,  
While rank on rank, and file on file, went down  
before the foe;  
And clear, o'er groan and sabre-stroke, up to the  
vaulted sky,  
From ev'ry lip rang Kossuth's oath—"to conquer  
or to die."

Oh! not in vain, those brave men's vows, as  
stain'd with blood they fell,  
For far adown the vale of time, clear shall the  
echo swell;  
Oh! not in vain, 'mid cloud and smoke, their gal-  
lant spirits fled—  
There's hope and glory for the land, that holds  
such valiant dead.

For by their blood, that freely flow'd, to save you  
from such shame,  
And by their fears, and by their wo, and by their  
future fame,  
And by their graves, where bow'd with grief, fond  
mourning ones have met—  
And by the hopes of living hearts, you are not con-  
quer'd yet.

Mourn not in doubt the bloody work unfeeling  
tyrants wrought,  
They crush'd but sinew, and but flesh—they  
touch'd not human thought.

And though exultant in their shame, soon shall the  
wretches feel,  
That all in vain, 'gainst truth and right, they bring  
their burnish'd steel.

For on, and on, the true thought sweeps, when once  
it has its birth,  
Until its radiant beams shall gild the farthest zone  
of earth;  
Far as the wind and sunlight flee—far as the  
waters roll—  
There will it bear its golden light, to darken'd  
human soul.

Bear proudly then, ye mourning ones, your sorrow  
and your pain—  
Wear proudly, through the coming years, your  
fetters and your chains;  
The spirits of your hero-dead still watch you from  
afar,  
And brightly o'er your Magyar homes, still shines  
hope's glowing star.

The soldier's dust that moulders now, back to its  
native clay,  
Will give a voice to every flower that gems your  
daily way;  
And every singing rill that winds in beauty to the  
sea,  
And every breeze that sweeps your hills, will sing  
of liberty.

God reigneth! be your battle-cry—your motto—  
never fear,  
And onward be your steady march—on through  
the falling years;  
Until from every mount and vale, o'er all the earth  
and sea,  
The cheering shout shall clearly ring—brave Hun-  
gary is free!



## CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

## AN EXTRACT.

HE is fallen! we may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin: whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.—Grand, gloomy and peculiar he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit; wrapt in the solitude of his awful originality. A mind bold, independent and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character; the most extraordinary perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell! Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people that acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists, where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the chance of destiny.

He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no God but ambition; and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the tower of his despotism!

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope! a pretended patriot, he impoverished his country! and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars!! Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

Even apparent defeat assumed the operation of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny, ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great his genius was transcendent: decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide as to perform.

To inferior intellects his combinations ap-

peared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands simplicity marked their development and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity!

The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution.

Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-place in his contemplation; kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee,—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown,—banishing a Braganza or espousing a Lorraine,—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic,—he was still the same military despot. Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army. Of all his soldiers, not one forsook him till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favorite. They knew well if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril he repaid them with plunder.

For the soldier subsidized every people and to the people he made even pride pay tribute.

The victorious veteran glittered with his gains, and the capital gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted.

The gaoler of the Press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning. The assassin of Parin; the silencer of De Stael; and the denouncer of Kotzebue; he was the

friend of David; the benefactor of De Lûb; and sent his academical prize to the philosophers of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel: he was through all his vicissitudes the same stern,

impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious incomprehensible self; the man without a model and without a shadow. His fall like his life baffled all speculation; in short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first and (for a time at least) last Emperor of the French.

## A FRAGMENT.

BY GEORGE W. EVELETH.

OVER one spot in the lonely glade brooded a spirit of peculiar gloominess. No flowers smiled upon it. No greenness was there, save that of an amaranth stalk which, leafless and bearing a single pale bud, seemed almost spent with toiling into life from the barren dust. The voice which made its music was but the voice of the withered pine-boughs sighing as they shivered above it. All around it there were sadness and dismal decay. Yet, in earth's uncursed places—in forest, in field, about the beds of the peaceful dead—were verdure, and blossoms, and melody.

Besides the amaranth, stirring with her fleshless fingers the earth which covered its feeble roots, kneeled a maiden. There was a wildness in her eyes. Upon her wasted, wan cheeks were the dreary crimson stains. Silent, intent on her strange labor, she knelt through the remaining day, through the wearily passing hours of the night to its boding noon; clouds moved over the spot, hanging mournfully as they looked upon it. The

sighing pine-leaves broke forth into wailing. The frail shrub quivered as if in the death chill. Yet on toiled the maiden through the slowly waning, now mingling her warm tears with the dry dust, and speaking low and tender words which told of love such as crime could not destroy, such as would not be shut from its object by the portal of a felon's grave.

The morning came, cloudless and still and sunny. The sighing and the wailing of the pine-leaves were hushed. Still kneeled the maiden with her slim fingers in the loosened earth, but no longer at their work. Still was the glassiness upon her eyes, but they were no longer unquietly moving in their sockets, and no longer tears were falling from them. Still were her thin lips apart, but no longer for the utterance of undying love. Still was the ghastly sallowness upon her sunk cheeks, but with it no longer was blending the crimson. The pale bud was unfolded, and beautiful in its fadeless, immortal purple, sat smiling upon the desolate spot.

## A THOUGHT ON THE "PRISONER OF CHILLON."\*

WRITTEN AT LAUSANNE.

BY HENRY J. BRADFIELD, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE CYCLADES."

My gallant bark with snow-white sail,  
Gently glided on its way,  
While evening cast her misty veil,  
Over woodland, hill and dale,  
Where the rippling waters lay:  
And the May morn rose in beauty bright,  
O'er the crystal waves and brow of night.  
On Leman's banks a castle reared,  
Its shadow o'er the stream afar;  
Within one cell a ray appeared,

Where pined the captive Bonnivard;  
And like some lingering spirit shed,  
A gleam of sorrow for the dead.

Yet when it left that haunt of wo,  
While ere the dew of morn had risen,  
I saw it like a meteor glow  
As it passed to the azure realm of Heaven!  
For despair had fled its victim now,  
And glory had crowned the patriot's brow.

\* All who have read Byron's beautiful poem, (and who has not read "The Prisoner of Chillon?") will understand this metaphoric "thought."





WILLIAM CHURCH



RICHARD COBDEN.



## RICHARD COBDEN.

EVERY age produces its own great men who stand in after times as types of the time in which they lived. Nothing seems so easy as for a great man to be great, and some men have made the mistake of believing that what seems so easy of accomplishment in another, could be accomplished by themselves, and have made wretched failures in their attempts at greatness. Greatness must come naturally or not at all. Among the men of our own times who have become great with such apparent ease that it would seem possible for any man to be great who desired it, Richard Cobden, of England, is, perhaps, the most remarkable instance. It is but a very few years since his name was first heard on this side the Atlantic; in fact, he travelled in this country extensively, took particular note of our morals and manners, yet no one knew that he was in any way more entitled to public attention than any other stranger who visits us for business or pleasure. But if Cobden should come here now, he would be honored with an ovation wherever he might go. He is neither a great orator, a great scholar, a great writer, a great philosopher, a great capitalist, nor a great artist; he is simply a good business man with great common sense, of humane feelings, and a facile talent of speaking to the middle-men of his country on subjects that appeal directly to their interests. He was precisely the man that was needed to make plain to the traders and mechanics of England the great truths of political economy, which other men had discovered, but lacked the talent to disseminate.

Richard Cobden commenced life humbly in one of the manufacturing towns of England, and in time became a partner in an extensive calico-printing establishment in Manchester, where his sign may still be seen, we are informed, over his office door. When the popular agitation on the subject of the corn-laws was begun in England, Cobden began to be heard of; he first addressed his own townsmen, and as his reputation spread, he was at last compelled to give up, or neglect his business, while he engaged in a crusade against the monopoly of wheat growing enjoyed by the landed aristocracy. His popular and forcible manner of elucidating the evils of restriction on commerce, and the benefits of free trade, soon gained him a seat in Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his sturdy advocacy of every reformatory measure; but it was in addressing popular assemblages of the trading and manufacturing classes that he

rendered the best service to the cause he espoused, and at last succeeded in procuring the abolition of the pernicious laws which had compelled Englishmen to eat the grain grown upon their own soil while better could be obtained more cheaply from abroad. No country was more directly benefitted by the labors of Cobden than our own; for the abolition of the English corn-laws opened a market for our surplus produce which has given a new impulse to our national prosperity. The English people, to manifest their gratitude to Cobden, determined to raise by voluntary subscription one hundred thousand pounds sterling, nearly half a million of dollars, and present him. Very nearly that amount was subscribed, with which an estate was purchased that he might be able to devote himself entirely to the public service. He is now member of Parliament for the West Riding of York, and is the foremost man in all the radical movements of the day for reforming governmental abuses and bettering the condition of the people. Undoubtedly Cobden is a genuine republican, as all the great and good men of Europe are, and he ably sustains in his place in Parliament every constitutional measure for republicanizing the government of Great Britain. Without any of the showy gifts which distinguished such parliamentary debaters as Sheridan, Fox and Canning, the memory of Cobden is likely to prove sweeter to after generations than either of the brilliant orators named, because it will be associated with acts of beneficence, an untainted moral character, and a reputation for homely goodness which the masses of the people reverence beyond wit or eloquence. Most reformers are men of one idea, but Cobden is many-sided as a reformer and heartily joins in every scheme that has a tendency to elevate the people and undermine the foundations of aristocratic privilege. He was one of the most active members of the Peace Congress held in Paris last year, and during the parliamentary recess was constantly engaged in addressing the people of his country on the subject of governmental abuses. If Englishmen enjoyed the blessings of universal suffrage as it is enjoyed by the people of our free states, the influence of such a man as Cobden would be infinitely greater than it is now. In Parliament he addresses the privileged classes who are deaf to all arguments that tend to the destruction of the abuses by which they live on the industry of the people.

## THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. I.

BY R. K. STODDARD.

I HAVE long thought I should like to write a paper or a series of papers on the writers of the age of Elizabeth; not exactly criticisms, but free-and-easy essays, off-hand commentaries of what struck me in their writings—passages and leaves from the Sybiline books of that golden period. I think I will begin the series now and have “my say” on the old poets.

I am a very desultory reader and thinker; one hour you may find me in Shakspeare, the next in Bryant—one day in Theocritus—the next in Tennyson; I love this undetermined course of study and reflection—it furnishes food for my mind in after times. However fastidious her appetite may be, if she is luxurious, I feed her with grapes from Parnassian vineyards and rich wine from the beakers of antique song; if severe and inclined to a Graham-diet, I give her the dry crusts and cold water of Wordsworth and the Lakers.

I am a great lover of old books and customs. It has been my business and pleasure for many years to gather together memorials of “lang syne.” I am an antiquary, but not so deeply enamored of the Past that I cannot perceive and appreciate the many excellences of the Present. I am, as it were, a kind of Janus—double-fronted—(not double-faced, though, beloved reader!)—looking impartially on the old and the new. I love and reverence Shakspeare and the dramatists of his age. If Nature ever spoke through the lips of Humanity, she made these great poets her high priests and seers. Faulty, absurd, and extravagant, as they often are, they are worth all the poetasters that have jingled rhyme since their translation to the “Kings of Thought.”

The great charm of their writings is the intense love and intuitive perception of the workings of passion. The heart of man was an open book to them, every line of which, even the most obscure and hieroglyphical, was as plain and familiar as “household words.” Arts fade, manners change, the fashion of yesterday passes like mist before that of to-day, but Humanity at large is the same “yesterday, to-day and for ever.” This is the secret of all great and lasting reputations. Homer, Dante and Shakspeare embody in their writings what all men feel and consequently all men bow before their genius.

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!”

There is always a directness and earnestness of purpose in the writings of these early poets. Unaccustomed to nicety of speech and refinements of language, they speak plainly and bluntly, and call all things by their right names. Civilization is very squeamish in its expression; Nature, never,—yet the savage, if he could understand the delicate *double entendres* of the modern gentleman, would feel himself degraded by his company. Perhaps the worst faults of all old writers, after their coarseness, (we must defer to society and expurgate Shakspeare!) are those of redundancy. The soil is so fertile it is overrun with weeds, but “weeds of glorious feature.” The harvest bends the stalk to the earth—the sheaves trail in the dust. Nothing bears the marks of study and forethought; their flowers are wild flowers, outcasts and prodigals—fed with the sunshine and the dew—water-pots are unknown in their Parnassus, and pruning-knives obsolete. Metaphor and simile never form the staple, the ground-work of their poetry, but always come in naturally and irresistibly, by way of illustration and ornament; the birds are never large enough to break the boughs in their enchanted forests, nor do we see them for ever, as in modern poetry, brooding over their nests; sometimes we hardly catch a glimpse of their brightness; a gleam like that of a falling star—a flush like the reflection of a rainbow—and they are gone. Passion, reason, and sound common sense sweep beneath the foam of their style, an uncontrollable undercurrent, carrying everything before it, a perfect gulf-stream which the poets themselves cannot contend against, however skillful they may otherwise be with their shining barks of song. Their finest and best things are always said and done unconsciously.

“Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,  
Like instincts, unawares.  
Blending their souls sublimest needs,  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
Like noble boys at play.”

The finest fugitive poetry in the language may be found in the plays of the age of Elizabeth.

“The little lyrics, which are scattered like stars over the surface of our old dramas, are sometimes minute, trifling and undefined in their object, but they are often eminently fine, in fact the finest things of the kind which



our language possesses. There is more inspiration, more air and lyrical quality about them than in songs of ten times their pretensions." So says Barry Cornwall, in the preface to his English songs, and I perfectly agree with him. (Mem. to write a paper on his poesy!) I cannot always tell what it is I admire so much in these old songs, whether it is the sentiment, the lack of all pretension, a turn of the language, or a certain *Je ne sais-quoi*; but Shakspeare's songs and the ditties of Ben Jonson, Herrick, Carew, and Suckling are as fresh to me as April violets. Open your Shakspeare at the Tempest:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On a bat's back I do fly,  
After summer merrily;  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!"

How suggestive that little song is—picture it out, word by word, in your fancy—think of the bees, "those little almsmen of spring hours"—and the tricky fairy sucking honey and dew from the same flowers. How the bees wonder at the new comer! Is he golden-belted and silver-winged think ye—like the troop around him, or a petit fairy—an atomy no bigger than the agate stone

"In the forefinger of an alderman."

If he meets with Puck in fairy land, let the bees beware—be sure he will soon learn all the tricks of Robin Good Fellow, and they will be pinched, and flouted, and robbed of all their nectar.

"In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On a bat's back do I fly  
After summer merrily."

Realize that—if you can—think of the fairy peeping at dusk from his hiding-place, hooting at the owls, jumping on the bat's back and flying after summer through the enchanted woods of the magic island. Oh, dainty Ariel! it was a blessed day when Prospero delivered thee from bondage in the cloven pine—thou hast fulfilled thy mission admirably—thou shalt be free for ever. Methinks thou art around me now—I hear thee singing in my soul "diviner songs than men have ever heard"—songs that the nightingale pines to hear and the mocking bird strives to imitate in despair, hovering moth-like around the light of thy melody—

"Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!"

How that last line undulates—it is as musical and merry as if Ariel himself was swinging in it.

Turn to the Merchant of Venice and read

—(sing if you can)—the song of Bassanio over the caskets.

Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
In the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies;  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell,  
Ding, dong, bell!

The melody of that is perfection—the purpose vague and undefined; but be sure it has one, and a meaning, too, though it eludes our gross and earthly sense. We cannot understand the hum of a bee, the sigh of a wind in autumn; but both are full of music. The chorus rings like a chime through the chambers of my brain. Hark! you will hear it in your soul like a recovered passage of a dream.

"Let us all ring Fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell,  
Ding, dong, bell!"

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty bin;  
My lady sweet, arise,  
Arise, arise!

Cloten called that "a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it." What think you? Is it not as blythe as the song of the lark himself singing at "Heaven's gate?" Here's another song, by "the fibbing rogue" Antolycus:

When daffodils begin to peer—  
With heigh! the doxy o'er the dale,—  
Why then comes in the sweet o' th' year,  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lark that tirra-lirra chants—  
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay;  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

Listen to Amiens in the forest of Arden:

SONG.

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here he shall see,  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.  
Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' th' sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here he shall see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

That might have been sung, methinks, by Maid Marian in Sherwood forest at vesper time. Glorious Amiens! I would I could fly with thee and the melancholy Jacques, into the heart of some old wood: I pine and yearn for the freedom and freshness of nature; pent in cities, my thoughts revel and riot on country landscapes—and even now, while the noise and turmoil of the day falls like a discord on my ear, I hear the flow of the running brook, the robin's song, and the wind in the tree tops:

"Like the long surf upon a distant shore  
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down."

What can be happier than the life of a woodsman, free to roam over a thousand leagues of verdure unpolluted by the foot of civilization, unstained by the smoke of factories and forges, rising around me now like infernal incense from the altars of Trade—the dry leaves that rustle beneath his tread—the violets that peep up from the mosses at the roots of the old oaks—

"Those green-robed senators of summer woods"—the wild birds flitting from bough to bough, singing the songs they sung a thousand years ago—the wind with its confused murmurs burthened with odors from the swinging chalices of millions of wild flowers—the white clouds, the horizon and the blue sky—receding and flying—

"Opening beyond it like eternity."

All speak to his mind of divinity. Nature enlarges, but art cramps the energies of the soul; one leads us to think of God, the other of man and his "fantastic tricks,"

"That make the angels weep."

## SONG.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-birds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, oh, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then on every tree,  
Mocks married men for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, oh, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,

And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-whoo;

To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-whoo;

To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

I know of nothing in the whole range of English poetry half so fine as the last two stanzas for a familiar free-and-easy winter scene—Teniers himself could not have painted it near so well. It always carries me back to "the olden time," and I seem to be making merry with some "jolly Franklin," kissing the red-cheeked maidens under the mistletoe bough, and drinking flip from the great wassail-bowl of his ancestors.

How common and life-like every picture—but how superb! Can't you see "Dick, the shepherd," blowing his fingers? "It is a good sharp morning, Richard." "Aye, sir—as Master Shakspeare says:

"It is a nipping and an eager air."

"Come, Tom, my boy, pile your faggots on, and make the old chimney roar; and here comes Bess, stamping her chopines. Why the milk is frozen, Bess! Is the snow deep?" "A great way over shoe, master; the hedges are covered—the kennel is quite buried; I heard the hounds yelping and baying as I passed, but the watch-dog is out. You hear his barking?" "Warm thee, lass—warm thee, lass—and Marian, too; odspitikins, my lady, but

"Marian's nose looks red and raw!"

Never tell me anything in life is too common for poetry—it lies not in the subject, but the poet. Genius is the true philosopher's stone, which turns all it touches into gold.

"There is in Nature nothing base or mean, But only as our baseness thinks it so, Making that common which we see and touch, Which, were it distant as the stars, would seem As sacred and as marvellous as they."

Many of Jonson's minor poems are sweet and beautiful. "To Celia," and "Good Life, Long Life," will always be remembered.

## TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine;  
The thirst that in my soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.



I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be,—  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee!

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree,  
In bulk, doth make man better be,  
Or standing, like an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere,—  
The lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May;  
Although it fall and die that night,  
It was the plant and flower of light!  
In small proportions, we just beauties see;  
And in short measures, life may perfect be!

Sir John Suckling possessed great liveliness of fancy and an uncontrollable fund of animal spirits. A perfect model of a gentleman of the age of Charles the Second, witty, fanciful and trifling, a glorious good fellow: he could drink his four bottles, and "hold out his own" with any cavalier living. His thoughts are often voluptuous, but never coarse; his language choice and daintily picked. Tennyson would have taken to him like a brother. Read the following description of a bride from "a ballad on a wedding:"

"Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on, which they did bring,  
It was too wide a peck;  
And to say truth, (for out it must,)  
It looked like the great collar (just)  
About our young colt's neck.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison,  
Who sees them is undone;  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Catherine pear,  
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin  
Compared to that was next her chin;  
Some bee had stung it newly;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Her mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did beak,  
That they might passage get."

The feasting is right merrily described:

"Healts first go round, and then the house;  
The bride's came thick and thick;  
And when 'twas named another's health,  
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,  
And who could help it, Dick?"

Here's another little ballad that always struck me:

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it I have loved  
Three whole, whole days together;

And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather.  
Time shall moult away his wings,  
Ere he shall discover,  
In the whole wide world again,  
Such a constant lover.  
But the spite on 't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me;  
Love with me had made no stays,  
For any one but she.  
Had it any been but she  
And that very face,  
There had been at least ere this  
A dozen in her place!

But perhaps the best of all the song-writers of that period was Robert Herrick. Most of his lyrics possess a delicious mixture of playful fancy and natural feeling—tears and smiles mingle like sunshine and dew in the cup of a lily; there is an archness and pathos about them that reminds us of a far earlier age. His versification is very sweet, a little fantastic and capricious at times, but always melodious and tinged with a soft melancholy.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You waste away so soon;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Hath not attained its noon;  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even-song,  
And having prayed together, we  
We will go with you along.  
We have short time to stay as you;  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you, or anything;  
We die  
As your flowers do; and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain;  
Or like the pearls of morning dew,  
That ne'er are found again!

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

Virgins promised when I died,  
That they would each primrose-tide,  
Duly mourn and even come  
And with flowers dress my tomb;  
Having promised, pay your debts  
Maids, and here strew violets!

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears  
Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born,  
Just as the modest morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew?  
Alas! ye have not known that shower  
That mars a flower,  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years  
Or warped as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
Speaking with tears before they have a tongue.

Speak whimpering younglings and make known

The reason why  
Ye droop and weep;  
*Is it for want of sleep  
Or childish lullaby?*

Or that ye have not seen as yet

*The violet?  
Or brought a kiss  
From that sweet heart to this?*  
No, no; the sorrow shown  
By your tears shed  
Would have this lecture read—

"That things of meanest, as of greatest worth,  
Conceived with grief, are, and with tears brought  
forth."

Truly it belongs to the poet, above all other  
men, to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Thus far have I proceeded in my labors of  
love, jotting down my "thick-coming fancies,"  
but now my hand begins to grow weary of  
its journey over pages of foolscap. Reader,  
did you ever think that all the books you see  
in print, once were not; that they had to be  
written by hand slowly and painfully, often  
in adverse circumstances and sickness; that  
the mind had to conceive and the reason to  
produce them, as best they could, by any  
process, however painful; and all for your  
amusement? Did you ever think that the  
donor wears his life away in the deep waters  
of affliction to give you the light of your in-  
tellectual feasts. Did you ever seriously  
meditate

"On fleshy ills,

And mighty poets in their misery dead?"

What mistaken ideas the mass of men en-  
tertain of literature, I well remember in my  
younger days the halo with which my fancy  
was wont to encircle the brow of an author.  
I used to wonder how books were written,  
and what kind of men authors were; if they  
lived and died like other men. But I was  
sure they didn't die so; I had read of the  
suicide of Chatterton, the starvation of Otway,

and the broken heart of Keats. I thought  
the mind that could produce a book, however  
small, (I am not certain that I did not rever-  
ence Mother Goose and the tragical death of  
Cock Robin) must be superhuman, a glorious  
intelligence and divinity. An author must  
look different from the rest of the world; he  
must be very beautiful; (had I never read of  
the ugly pock-marked face of poor Goldsmith?)  
and, above everything else, talk like a book;  
I meant—deluded juvenile that I was!—to be  
an author, when I grew up, and to become  
great and famous. I was young and unsophisticated then. I have learned wisdom  
since in the sternest of all schools and under  
the hardest of all teachers—Experience.

Authors are never cared for beyond their  
books. You read a fine poem, an essay, a  
novel, a history, but know little and care less  
for the labor they cost. Most people seem  
to think writing no labor at all—a man should  
be well paid for the work of his hands, but  
not for the work of his brains, as if the fruits  
of thought, the exercise of the reason, was  
not more glorious and worthy of admiration  
than the mere natural movements of the ani-  
mal qualities, strength, endurance and inge-  
nuity. How many hundreds at this present  
writing—(ten, A. M., by the dial)—are throw-  
ing off page after page of MSS., as I am now,  
for a miserable pittance. Some are writing  
to order, for large booksellers, at so much per  
sheet. Some for the mantua-makers' month-  
lies, spinning out rapid sentimentalities and  
love-sick stories, to amuse the *ennui* of the  
painted dolls of fashion; others are deep in  
serial novelettes, founded on facts that couldn't  
possibly occur—blood-and-thunder legends,  
with corresponding titles; sea stories and pi-  
ratical adventures for the Boston weeklies;  
then there are the editors of daily papers—  
poor dogs!—the translators—paragraphists—  
penny-a-liners—and hundreds more; all of  
whom live—or die—by literature.

## SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THE UPPER FALLS OF THE GENESEE.

BY C. R. C.

Most noble River! wasted now by toil,  
And weary grown by service, thou dost seem  
To wake a broken murmur o'er the soil,

Where once a joyful and unfetter'd stream,  
Thou wokest untutored echoes, and didst sweep  
A frightful volume o'er yon barren steep;  
As when some way-worn traveller, return'd

From scenes more new, and dazzling far away,  
Finds that his home, his childhood's home, is turn'd  
To hopeless desolation and decay,  
Measures his grief to fill no mocking sigh,  
As each remember'd object meets his eye,  
Slowly and sadly treads his native shore,  
And mourns the friends and scenes below'd of yore.

## THE LEGEND OF THE HERMIT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Two little villages in Brittany were separated by a deep valley two leagues in breadth, which the bravest dared not traverse after nightfall, since it was haunted, in the opinion of all, by evil spirits, fairies, hobgoblins, ghosts, magicians, demons—in fine, by the whole fantastic company who ride, dance, fly, gallop over the solitary heaths of old Brittany, and through the simple imaginations of the Britons. Now it happened that a good hermit, a very cheerful and active, and also a very holy man, who had for a long time inhabited a mountain in Germany, came to live in this valley, where he dug for himself a cell in the side of a hill. From this moment not a single goblin appeared. So the villagers, their wives, children, and the young girls, made it a duty and a pleasure to carry to the hermit fruit and eggs, butter and vegetables, often even a chicken, and sometimes a kid or a lamb; and all returned happy, joyous, satisfied, for the good man had always some useful advice to give them, some little story to relate for their entertainment and instruction.

What particularly brought him into great honor and consideration, was a conversion which took place, in consequence of one of his legends. There was in the neighborhood a grown-up boy, who was a terror and torment to his family, as well as to the two villages; he was endowed with prodigious strength, possessed of fearful brutality and execrable impiety. Now this boy became mild and docile as a lamb, after hearing a legend of the hermit, whom he had sought in his cell for the purpose of turning him into ridicule. This legend was called *THE ENDLESS STAIRWAY*. We have long attempted to procure it; but have succeeded only in obtaining the motto. Notwithstanding which, we have set our imagination at work, and upon the motto alone have composed the following story:

A. E. ....

SALUS SOLUM GRATIÆ GRATIA.

THE ENDLESS STAIRWAY.

## I.

"The wolf and the bear have not been seen for three nights past; they must have deserted the mountain, for who could have destroyed them? There is not a carbine among the chamois-hunters which could have lodged a ball in the tough hides of these savage beasts."

So said the mountaineers assembled on the village square. And for this reason there was great joy among them; they congratulated each other. The vesper bell tinkled in its little Gothic tower: men, women, young girls, old men, were about to enter the church.

## II.

At the extremity of the square appeared Franz Le Rouge. With his carbine on his shoulder, his hatchet at his side, his *couteau de chasse* at his belt, followed by his two dogs, bristling, panting, bloody, he advanced, bearing on his broad shoulders the body of a wolf, and driving before him a mule staggering beneath the load of an enormous bear which was tossed about on its back. The head of the dead animal was hanging down, and his tongue protruded, leaving after it on the dust a streak of bloody foam.

## III.

Franz, the hunter, fearfully robust, as if hewn from a giant block, approached. He uncovered his forehead, over which the broad brim of his hat had thrown a sombre shadow, and with the back of his hand wiped away the drops of sweat which, distilling through the rough locks of his red hair, rolled down over his large, long, sinister face. Beneath his crooked eyebrows gleamed a restless eye; his mouth was surrounded by a fiery and curling beard; the nostrils of his aquiline nose palpitated with the breathings of fatigue.

## IV.

The mountaineers looked at the hunter, fixing on him a timid and yet chilling gaze. Yes, it was indeed Franz who had delivered them from the wolf and the bear, from those two terrible beasts, until then invulnerable, who had every day made havoc of their flocks; and yet no one moved towards Franz the deliverer, not a single *virat* greeted his triumphal arrival. At sight of him a gloomy silence suddenly reigned in this crowd just now so noisy. The women and young girls, as if terrified, hastened to enter the church; the men followed, casting over their shoulders oblique glances on Franz Le Rouge. He, stopping his mule, threw down the body of the wolf, and watched the villagers as they disappeared one by one beneath the porch of the church. He was alone.



## V.

Franz spoke not; but over his brow passed the terrific shadows of rage and hatred:

"Was it for myself," said he at last in a deep and tremulous voice, "was it for myself that I struggled body to body with the bear? Was it for myself that I sought the wolf and plunged my knife into his heart? No! I have no flock, not a single sheep! What had they done to me, this brave wolf, this courageous old bear? Yes, it was for them, these men, for them, these women, that I killed the two poor animals; for them, the cowards, the insolent people, who know so well how to insult by silence. Oh! hatred—how will I be revenged!"

## VI.

It was a long time before, one day Franz (he was fifteen) attempted to strike his brother Valentine, of whom he was jealous. The latter ran to take refuge with his father. Franz, carried away by the furious bitterness of his nature, dared to pursue Valentine even to this sacred refuge, his father's arms, and there, struck him. The blood spouted from the wound, and the old father, pale with horror and indignation, cried out:

## VII.

"Accursed art thou, Franz; accursed, Franz Le Rouge! If Valentine is not, like Abel, killed, thou art not the less Cain. Gloomy and jealous, impious and accursed child, at an age when thou shouldst be a man, thou art only a monster. Go, depart, flee."

During fifty days and fifty nights, young Franz wandered among the mountain summits, known only to the eagle and the chamois. He returned to the cottage of his father, who received him joyfully, supplicating God to forget the malediction he had bestowed on his eldest son. The young brother, Valentine, ran to embrace him. He, turning his head, said: "No."

## VIII.

One evening, (Franz Le Rouge was eighteen) the old father, who lived on the declivity of the hill, had gone to the village. A thick snow, which the wind was piling in huge drifts, was fast falling, as the gloomy autumnal night drew on.

"Jesu! Marie! what weather! I hope no poor traveller will venture this evening on the mountain," said Valentine, as he entered the cottage.

And addressing Franz, who was sitting before a fire of pine branches, he asked.

"Brother, where is our father?"

## IX.

Muttering rough and disconnected words,

Franz Le Rouge, who knew very well that his father was at the village, replied:

"Our father has gone toward the *Pic-du-Puits*."

"*Miseri-corde!*" cried Valentine, "it is impossible. At this hour, in this weather! It is death, death to him! Franz, you are mistaken! You must have misunderstood him, brother!"

"As true as my name is Le Rouge, he has gone towards the *Pic-du-Puits*."

"No! no?" exclaimed Valentine. "Come, Franz; let us run, fly to his assistance. My father! my father!"

And seizing his iron-shod stick, he darted from the cottage.

God protect poor Valentine.

## X.

"The fool! he thinks that in this weather one would go to the *Pic-du-Puits*!" said the cruel deceiver. "The Benjamin of the family, let us see what will become of him!"

The tempest, the cold, angry, gloomy tempest, was beating against the mountain, and letting loose its rage in the valley. The *Pic-du-Puits* was a rock far up in the air, whose summit opened a frightful abyss which had never been fathomed. A little ruined chapel, forsaken for many centuries, had once been built on the edge of the abyss by a prince, on his return from the Holy Land. Now, believing that a vow might have summoned his father, even in this fearful weather, to the chapel, Valentine directed his steps towards the *Pic*. He never returned.

## XI.

The thunder of winter (a frightful thing!) rolled heavily among the mountain cliffs. From dark and swollen clouds, the starry snow fell in wreaths through the air, thicker than the summer dust beneath the rapid tread of conflicting armies. The old pines trembled on the desolate summits, cracked, and uprooted by hundreds, descended into the valley, borne along by the furious leap of the pale avalanche.

## XII.

Valentine returned no more.

## XIII.

"He has gone to seek you at the *Pic-du-Puits*, O unhappy father! for Franz Le Rouge, who nevertheless knew you were at the village, told him you had directed your steps towards the *Pic*." So said a mountaineer who had attempted to detain the young Valentine; when the latter, at the false intelligence of Franz, hastened through the tempest, towards the peak, in search of his father. "Oh! accursed, accursed indeed is Franz Le Rouge," exclaimed the terrified old

man. Valentine, whose body was found ten feet under the snow, was restored to him, after two days of anxious search. The poor father said nothing. He kissed the icy brow of Valentine; and, two days afterwards, grief clothed him also in the ice of death.

XIV.

Then Franz Le Rouge became terrible! He deserted the paternal roof, where he was alone, the desolate roof which the mountaineers now called *the Rouge's nest*. Franz was alone on the earth, alone with evil, for he did not repent; and, shaking his red locks and striking his iron breast, said: "No! I am not accountable for the past! If Valentine was ruined by a jesting word, I am not guilty of his death. And if my father is dead, it was because he loved Valentine too well, and did not love me!"

XV.

And thus, surrounding his heart with a triple brazen shield against remorse, Franz Le Rouge lived on, the terror of the village. But he sought in vain to deceive his conscience, a vulture was gnawing at his heart. And he would have forgotten! Cans of spiced, fermented wine! These he demanded, seized, drained! And his blood boiled with the fever of intoxication, his brain was filled with horrible visions, against which he struggled with all the power of impenitence.

XVI.

Franz was travelling (he was now twenty-one) on the great road to Bohemia. He entered an inn. A gay and careless soldier, fatigued with a long march, was seated before a mug of comforting wine; he had deposited at the foot of his stool his knapsack and sabre, which, by his sword-belt, he had bound to his rapier. "Where goest thou, soldier?" asked the ferocious Franz. "The war is ended," replied the soldier. "God has preserved me from the sabre, the musket, and the bayonet. Blessed be God! I shall see again my mother, my country, my home! And so, I am going to seek a wife of the good Wagner; he promised me in marriage, should I return safely, his daughter Bertile, who is pure and white as the snow, laughing and rosy as the Alpine rose itself."

XVII.

"Bertile, the daughter of Wagner, is my cousin," said Le Rouge. "Old Wagner may be old enough for a hermit; but certainly he is not the devil, for he has no great idea of giving you my cousin. As for me, I think more of a hunter who kills a blackbird, than of a soldier, a warrior who kills a hundred other warriors, soldiers, heroes. Blood for smoke." And he shrugged his shoulders.

XVIII.

At these words, the gay soldier turned pale and no longer laughed; he rose tranquilly and said to Franz: "Man with the red hair, at the foot of my stool, a sabre and sword lie bound together." He loosened the sword-belt, saying: "Which blade pleases you best?" And he presented the two weapons. "Ah! dear soldier, either—the first which comes to hand," said Franz, taking the sabre. "Beneath the orchard wall!" added Le Rouge, pushing open, with a blow from his heel, the worm-eaten door of the inn.

XIX.

Franz and the gay soldier prepared to fight: the soldier with a clear breast, serene eye, uplifted head; his hand slightly tremulous though he was calm. Franz bent forward like a wolf preparing for a leap; his hair and beard seemed more fiery, and his teeth glistened between his pallid lips. He sprang forward and struck a blow. "Hurra!" cried he, with a brutal, atrocious laugh. The gay soldier had fallen dead, and the sabre was planted in his breast.

XX.

"Alas! the soldier Roeder, my betrothed, comes not," said poor Bertile to her father, old Wagner. "I must go in search of him myself." And the poor girl went in search of him as she had said, and without knowing it; for having learned that her cousin Franz Le Rouge had killed the gay soldier, she suddenly died. Pray for Bertile, the rose of the snows, the Alpine rose! The rose will no longer bloom on her sweet face! She sleeps for ever, and, like the snow, cold, icy, pale.

XXI.

It was for this that Franz, the accursed, saw the circle of malediction extending itself around him, and that on arriving at the square with the bodies of the ferocious beasts he had just destroyed on the mountain, he saw every one avoid him, flee his presence, and seem to say that were the wolf and bear to appear to them living, with bristling hair and red mouth, they would be less terrible than he, Franz.—Then, Franz seeing everybody flee at his approach, remained alone, motionless, pale with shame and hatred. And the pious verses of the psalms, resounding beneath the arches of the church, served as a harmonious contrast to his blasphemous cry, "How I will revenge myself! Hatred! hatred!"

XXII.

At the extremity of the deserted square on the left, at a respectful distance from the church, stood a man, in strange costume, with a strange physiognomy. His face, as thin as a cameo profile, was white to paleness; so

pale that it was livid. This face was shadowed by the brim of a black hat, which, following the outlines of his meagre shoulders, descended below his elbows, forming a mantle; his pourpoint was black, his small-clothes black, and the sword, which, without touching his lank legs, clattered against his deformed and bony heels, was contained in a scabbard of black shagreen; we know not the color of its blade.

## XXIII.

The eye of the pale man was mild as that of the cat who is thrusting her claws between the bars of a cage; from the nostrils of a nose sharp as the edge of a *couteau de chasse*, fell a black moustache which curled around a lip so thin, that it was lost in the combination of the other features, and so white that it seemed like that of the dead. The smile (the only characteristic of his physiognomy) bore the same relation to a smile that a howl does to a cry; it was malicious, chilling and fearful. Franz looked at this strange personage, and thought him very droll, very amusing. Franz, though malicious, had never known cold or fear. Why?

## XXIV.

This strange personage, swaying in his walk with an easy swing of the body, like a tiger stealing through the reeds of a marsh, approached Franz, saluted him, played the polite, the amiable.

"Eh! eh!" said he; "do you know, my brave hunter, that they love you to death, these good villagers, these honest mountaineers, because you have killed their good wolf, their honest bear; both so good, so honest, the worthy animals, that they took only, each day, one ox, five sheep, twelve lambs, having the grace not to touch a single goat."

## XXV.

"Ah! you jest!" replied Franz, angrily.—"Do not speak of goats, you want only horns to be one yourself."

"And a cloven foot, do you call that nothing?" said the man with the pale countenance, laughing like the untwisting of a coil of brass wire. But do not be angry, for you must understand that I do not laugh, nor jest, but rather sincerely pity you for having risked your skin against those of the wolf and bear. Who sows benefits reaps ingratitude."

## XXVI.

"Who sows flattery reaps confusion!" replied Franz, in a rough and hoarse voice.

"Ah! I see," replied the pale man, accompanying his reply with the least pleasant of grimaces; "you are one of those frank and generous hearts which are afraid of the truth,

lest it should prove only a spiced dish of falsehood! Fie! Well! very well! so much the better! I see that you spin flax from the distaff of the brave Holura who is not in holy odor among your fellow-citizens, and that, in order to gain their esteem, you must go in search of the talisman which gives honor, glory, power."

"Ah! white man, or black man, whichever you please! (for your white face or your black coat!)" said Franz, still in the same tone of vexation and ennui, "you speak, do you not, of the mysterious stairway which it is said opens at the extremity of the chapel of the *Pic-du-Puits*, a stairway full of darkness and terror, as fools say, which no one has been able to descend, and especially to remount after having attempted to descend, in the midst of which is found a talisman which bestows, as you say, honor, glory, power? But first, if you please, friend, what is a talisman?"

## XXVII.

"It is sometimes one thing, sometimes another, Monsieur Franz: a ring, a chain of leather, wool, or silk; a diamond, a key, a grain of sand, if you please,—the least thing it may be, in length and breadth, beneath the moon, but a thing to which is attached a charm."

"And a charm, Monsieur Professor, what is that, if you please?" interrupted Franz.

"A charm? it is a supernatural power, attached to any object by the superior will of a superior reason, inexplicable to human reason."

## XXIX.

Franz asked: "Is it really true that there is an all-powerful charm which gives glory, honor, power, midway in The Endless Stairway, for that is its name?"

"Stupid invention of the mountaineers, asses that they are, to give this name of *endless* to a stairway. Tell me, do you believe in a stick without an end? No? Then what say you of this superb fiction of an endless stairway?"

"True, reasoned, proved, most learned sir," said Franz Le Rouge, replying to the white figure.

## XXX.

"And the talisman," added he, "the celebrated talisman which is said to be at the midst of the endless stairway, (let us retain this name to save trouble,) what is it?"

"It is said, Monsieur Franz, that it is simply a ring, like talismans in general. Do not think that I attempt to depreciate the ring in question which has been called the *circlet of the five fingers*."



## XXXI.

"There, there," said Franz, in a new fit of anger, "decidedly you play the beautiful, my dear; is it your profession?"

"I am ugly," replied the pale man; "every one says so, and I agree with them! the more so that it is my own idea. Yes, truly, ugliness is my idea: there are many who have black ideas. Nevertheless, without jesting, the sorcerer, (for sorcerer read god-father,) who named the ring, intended to signify that it could be used for either finger, contracting or enlarging according to the size.

## XXXII.

"Very well," said Franz; "you know its history as if you were the inventor."

"Eh! eh!" said the pale man, with a nervous motion, thrusting the end of his tongue over his sarcastic lips.

"Why," returned Franz, "is not your ring simply for one finger?"

"Oh! brave hunter, these are the reasons; because, passed over the thumb, the ring gives youth, (if one is old;) over the fore-finger, it procures beauty, (if one is ugly;) surrounding the second finger, it gives strength, (if one's muscles are not elastic and firmly knit;) around the third, it makes you rich, very rich, (one is never too much so!) lastly, around the little finger, it gives one knowledge."

## XXXIII.

"Of good and evil," said Franz, "I am curious. I should like to have this ring, though I do not believe in its existence; and I wish to believe in it, though I doubt everything."

"Eh! eh!" said the personage with the pale face; "do you know that to doubt everything is to have the ring on your little finger?"

"And why so, if you please?"

"Because it is not to believe."

"And not to believe! let us see!"

"Is to believe in all things, both good and evil. This is logically exact: to doubt everything—that is, to say is white black? and why is not black white? And in matters of service, the one, white, is no worse than the other, black—as evil is only a counterpart of good, without which good could not exist; as, in exterior things, white could not be, if black were absent, annihilated; as there would be no high if there were no low. After that, let the pedants who contend against what they call *evil*, acknowledge that their *good* is but an absolute absurdity, a negative of itself."

## XXXIV.

"My beloved," said Franz, shrugging his shoulders, "one evening, at a tavern in Göttingen, I found three students at a table, before two pots of ale; I was alone, and I had three pots before me. They had not reached

their second pot, when they were all three under the table; I went on to drain my three pots, and, upright, with clear eye and smiling mouth, had my little friends at my feet. They rose when Aurora rose. And I laughed at them, you may well believe! They spoke then of their three swords to punish the clown who laughed at them. I said: 'Bring your swords!' I wounded two, and the third—I killed. I remember that he made a face then—it resembled you, my dear. But to return to our subject. Your jargon, man, reminded me of my students, who, while drinking, spun a yarn of great words after your fashion, galloping, as one of them said, on a hippogriff through the clouds of metaphysics. The middle of the stairway I shall soon reach; but how shall I discover the ring? Is it in a box of iron or of gold?"

## XXXV.

"My valiant hunter, midway down the stairs you will perceive a sleeping serpent, coiled up with his tail in his mouth."

"The symbol of eternity," said Franz.

"And the ring," continued the pale man, "is passed around the serpent. You have your *couteau de chasse*; you have only then, with no other formality, to cut off the head of the animal and seize the talisman."

"Let us go," said Franz, his eyes sparkling. "If you have jested with me, I will use you like a feather which one brushes away with his sleeve; for I have proved to all my neighbor mountaineers, that Franz Le Rouge dares what the Iron-Armed Holura dared, and succeeds better than he—he whom I will one day crush. Let us go!"

They set out, and from the choir of the church arose the soft *Adoremus*.

## XXXVI.

The horizon was red, a sharp breeze spread over the sky a livid cloud; the birch-trees bent, the pines were shaken, and the whole landscape seemed peopled with vague and sombre shadows. At a turn in the road, the pale man made a grimace, and Franz perceived before them a young child; the child resembled one of those good little shepherds, which the engraver draws surrounded by foliage: a fleece whiter than snow hung over his shoulder; golden ringlets fell over his eyes, black as the plumage of a jay, and sparkling through a tear like two diamonds; his feet were white as the virgin ivory, and he was bending towards a poor little breathless lamb, extended at his feet, which he was attempting to place over his shoulder.

## XXXVII.

Great astonishment seized Franz; for, at this sight, he felt something within he had never before experienced, though a very

simple and common sensation—pity. But, sublime mystery! this pity, gentle and mild as the object which had given rise to it, stirred deeply the inmost recesses of that heart which had seemed of stone, so completely had it remained, until this day, insensible to the softest as well as to the most terrible emotions, to the smile of a child, as to the curse of a father.

"Alas! poor little one," said *Le Rouge*, approaching the little shepherd—"wait, I will put your dear lamb on your shoulders."

"Come," said the pale man, "do not lose your time with this little weeper, we shall not arrive in season at the Chapel of the Pic; the road is this way, at the left."

## XXXVIII.

"Grace be to you and with you!" said the child with the golden locks, with an ineffable accent, turning upon Franz its large black eyes crowned with a dewy eye-lash, beautiful eyes, soft as the repose of a lovely night in May. "The true road to the chapel is not on the left; it is this way on the right." Franz had placed the lamb on the shoulders of the little shepherd, and rejoined his companion. He said: "The sky is red, the pines are black, the vapors are dancing in the valley—let us hasten." And they continued their march in a silence, interrupted only by short monosyllables muttered between the lips of the pale man: "Haste! Come!"

"Amen!" replied Franz.

## XXXIX.

The pale man struck the ground with his deformed foot, and turned on his heel with a grimace. They had reached the parting of two roads: six little shepherds, ugly as well as wicked, were mingling the cries of their stupid and savage joy with the barking of two great dogs, whom they were exciting against the child with the black eyes and golden locks. The latter, affrighted, motionless, voiceless, was pressing against his white and half-naked breast his white and trembling lamb.

"Away with the dogs! Away with the rascals!" cried Franz, with a mixture of rage and compassion, striking down one of the dogs with a single blow from his fist, and putting to flight the wicked company. "It is you again, little one," said he; "how came you here! your road must have been the shortest, as you said."

## XL.

"Grace be to you and with you! my road is the best," replied the child with the golden hair. "Let me accompany you to the chapel."

"Come! we shall not arrive at the hour!" said the pale man in a shrill voice.

"Adieu, child with the black eyes and golden hair," said Franz. "I am coming,

companion," added he, turning towards the pale personage. "On the way, I shall say in my turn, come! hasten! It will be your turn to say, *Amen*." The pale man bit the end of his tongue, and did not say *Amen*.

## XLI.

"O hunter, I will meet you again where you are going," said the good little shepherd.

"I do not believe it," said Franz, quickening his pace to follow his companion. "The night will be moonless, or the moon will be red as blood," said Franz, with gloomy irony; "there will be voices in the brush-wood, white figures among the branches of the old pines, brooms and an odor of burning in the air; yes, this night, at midnight, if that ever has been or can be, there will be a meeting of witches." A hoarse dry laugh was the only response of his companion. And meanwhile they ascended the rugged path to the Pic-du-Puits, a desolate, wild spot, at the summit of which arose a modest chapel, long abandoned, all in ruins, whose dismantled windows were full of thick wreaths of sombre ivy. "Here we are," said the pale man. "I am here!" said Franz.

## XLII.

"Listen," said the pale man, "you must now enter the chapel and penetrate to the spot where the stairway commences."

"And you, my companion, is it not your fancy to accompany me farther?"

"Oh! yes, my valiant hunter; but the chasm will be destroyed if we enter together; I will rejoin you, for you know that in the ravine where I am about to descend, there is a breach which conducts, it is said, to the stairway, and I mean to attempt the adventure."

"Well, go your way."

"It will be necessary, *Rouge*, my friend," said the pale man, "that after once entering upon the stairway, you do not turn your head, for fear of trouble."

"Is that all?" asked Franz.

## XLIII.

"One word more, very essential: you must traverse the chapel without laying aside your hat."

"So be it, pale man; but may I not take off my mantle?"

"If you please."

"So much the better, then. I will ascend to the chapel; you are on the brink of the ravine, descend. We shall meet again, I hope."

"I hope so," said the pale man.

And Franz crossed the old porch with his hat on.

Desolation in the interior of the chapel! desolation on the altar of broken stone; on

the humble *benitier*, full of dust like a nest of bats! desolation on the walls, in the air! desolation in the sepulchral stones of the fissured pavement; everywhere the desolation of darkness, silence, emptiness! No! A humble wooden cross planted in front of an old tomb, in this desolate enclosure, animated it still like the breath of a dying and faithful prayer, attesting that prayer had been there, that God was there still.

XLIV.

Franz was cold; he thought this cold proceeded from the humidity of the ruins; he saw not, he felt not that it was at his heart. He drew his hat over his eyes, and, passing before the cross, threw off his mantle which he placed over the arms of the tree of life; the cross tottered, the tomb opened at the side, and a large white bone appeared at the fissure. "It is cold here," said Franz. He, who had never known fear, did not recognize it in this cold which was in his bones. He marched straight on, traversed an obscure apartment which was formerly the sacristy, then a little corridor, and saw at his feet the first step of the endless stairway.

XLV.

A dim light revealed before him a hundred steps. "Well!" said he to himself, "I hope to be able to see always as clearly, for I have not even the least pine-branch or a spark with which to kindle it." And he descended, descended a hundred steps, and a hundred more, still illumined by the same livid, doubtful light. A hundred other steps, and a hundred others, he descended with a firm foot on the broken but solid stairs. He no longer reckons a hundred steps in his almost perpendicular descent, but a thousand and one, and a thousand others are before him down the dizzy steep, illumined by the same light, which for a few minutes past has been so uncertain that it seemed the ghost of twilight. "More! more!" said Le Rouge, with gloomy astonishment.—"I will find the end of this endless stairway." And he rallied his strength, fierce and proud, and frightful as a demon, descended still, saying: "I must at least reach the midst, for, before that, I may not turn my head." Horror! he feels the steps tremble, his feet stagger. He turns to flee.

XLVI.

Horror! the three thousand and one steps which he had descended, suddenly crumbled into an abyss black as sin, deep as chaos, and crashing, leaping, thundering, like a whole city, like great and impious Nineveh, when it fell before the divine tempest. And standing on the last step, affrighted, horrified, his red locks bristling on his head, he felt before him, beneath him, the gulf of infinite darkness in

the infinite abyss. Ah! to escape, he recommenced descending the terrible steps which prolonged their pitiless perspective before his eyes, illumined by the same livid, nameless light. "Wo!" cried he; "wo! where am I?"

XLVII.

"For ever, and for ever, Franz, thou must descend the endless stairway!" Thus replied a voice, (if we may call such what seemed an echo,) sad and mournful as the autumnal wind through the cypress branches laden with snow. And beneath him, a few steps beneath him, he perceived a shade, a spectre, opening its shroud spotted with blood, drew out slowly, sorrowfully, a sword that was buried in its breast. It was the shade, the spectre of the gay soldier Roeder, whom he had killed beneath the walls of the inn on the road to Bohemia. He turned to escape this vision, but the steps he had last descended were crumbling like the first into the infinitude of darkness resting over space. Before, behind, everywhere, inflexible horror; over his head, beneath his feet, horror! The spectre has disappeared—as, in the tempest, the flag of distress from the mast of a wrecked vessel.

XLVIII.

Le Rouge descends! Oh! how he descends! The spectre is no longer there.—But what? already another shade appears on the thirteenth step below him: the spectre is mild, resigned; she is seated, bending her head downcast, weeping beneath her winding-sheet whiter than the pale rose of Shiraz in autumn. "Franz, my cousin, what hast thou done with my betrothed?" A vague murmur, an inarticulate sound, which is the voice of spectres, and which the sinner alone can comprehend in his gloomy hours, bore this demand to Le Rouge. It is the shade of Bertile, called the Rose of the Snows, the betrothed of the gay soldier; it is poor Bertile, who has no longer a rose beneath the snow of her shroud.

XLIX.

From beneath the endless stairway comes a gloomy, damp, mournful wind, as if swollen with sighs, humid with tears, and the shade of the gentle Bertile, floated an instant in the opaque air, fluttering in every direction, then vanished: so, affrighted, struggling with its useless wings in a stormy heaven, a pale dove is borne away in a whirlwind of icy rain and dead leaves. And the dark wind flings in the face of Franz the snow and hoar-frost, which quickly covers the stairway, which totters, moans and trembles in this subterranean tempest. Beneath him, on the thirteenth step, behold another spectre! The shroud of the latter is formed by the snow itself; his face is pale, his lips purple; his large eyes are wide



open and glassy. It is the spectre of Valentine! "Franz, where is my father?"

## L.

"Cain, where is thy brother?" moaned from beneath the voice of another spectre, which remained invisible. But beneath the starry snow-wreaths which seemed shaken from the furious wing of an avalanche, the icy shroud of his brother grew more dense, enfolded more closely in its embrace the unfortunate Valentine and formed above him an icy mound. And pale, more rigid than the snow and ice of death, the irritated face of his old father appeared below, writhing about his head, in his winding-sheet, his stiffened limbs; and, weeping, moaning, like the halcyon in a tempest, he hovered above the mound which impeded the thirteenth stair beneath Le Rouge. Ah! flight! How bounds, thunders, crumbles again the descended stairway! How toward him, from the depths of the abyss, ascend the shadows of the abyss! How opens before him the whole hopeless void of the infinite! Precipitately, headlong, with his arms crossed convulsively over, his eyes starting from their sockets, his red hair bristling like swords in battle, he is about to fall for ever into the eternal gulf of eternal sorrow!

## LI.

He turns: the frightful crumbling takes place almost as soon as he has passed the step; and all the spectres are there, floating in the gulf beneath, following him, while he continues to descend into the shadow, slipping, staggering, extending before him his trembling hands. And the monotonous chorus hurries him, precipitates him. "Without end, the stairway which the sinner descends! Without end, the stairway of evil! The imprudent and lying tongue of men has said that one ascends from crime to crime: no, sin, the sinner, tend downward; hell is beneath, drawing thee into the abyss through which the endless stairway pursues its inexorable and ever-descending course. And descend, descend, thou hast eternity before thee to descend the stairway of damnation, Franz Le Rouge. The stairway without end!"

## LII.

Before Le Rouge, like another abyss full of shadowy windings, of sharp declivities, and bristling with horrible angles, lies open his soul in all the ugliness of the darkness in which it has until then lain. And he sees it, he comprehends it; he feels a horror at what he sees and that it is himself! his monstrous self, which he has carried about, flattered, nourished with all the ferocious pride of sin. He sees himself: torturous vices, rampant crimes, gloomy audacities, hatred which creeps

like envy, envy which rages like hatred. Vase of iniquity, urn of evil, is this heart, this soul which Le Rouge carries in his bosom! gloomy vase, on the edge of which trembles one poor drop of milk.

## LIII.

This pure and limpid drop, represented the only good feeling that he had for an instant experienced; that soft and amiable pity which he had felt in the revolted shadow of his being, for the child with the black eyes and golden hair, for the poor little one with the lamb. But what is this among so many horrors? What is this poor drop of milk compared with these waves of black misery? Nevertheless he exclaims:

"Sweet child with the lamb, thou hast said; grace be for me and with me!"

## LIV.

"I am here, hunter; I am waiting for thee," replied a soft and subdued voice: "I am waiting for thee as I promised."

And he saw, seated on the twelfth step below him, the good little shepherd, holding a frail cross made of the stem of a reed, around which was entwined a scroll on which might be read in golden letters this inscription: SALUS SOLUM GRATÆ GRATIA. The good little shepherd rose, took the hand of Franz, and, extending his arm toward the right, said to him: "Come!" On this, the side of the stairway opened, and through the breach Le Rouge saw a tract of green country, laughing beneath the first rosy fires of Aurora: like a thousand diamonds the tears of dew glistened on the blades of grass, at the edges of the leaves and in the heart of the flowers; the sun which had not yet appeared, had already thrown a net-work of gold and purple upon the mountain summits and the crowns of the pines. And a dove was hovering in the azure.

## LV.

Grace, divine grace! God's own method of salvation, glory to thy supreme and adorable Dispenser! Grace! tree of life on the edge of the abyss, whose branches are extended toward the hand of the sinner about to fall therein. Thread of silver, yet more powerful than the cable which holds the iron anchor of a huge vessel floating on the roaring waves! Grace, divine grace! golden key always thrown by divine mercy into the dust of death behind the dark door of sin. Grace adorable and adored, harp invisible and celestial, softening souls of brass, and opening eyelids of the strongest and hardest marble in the pride of evil, emitting at each of thy vibrating cords a divine word, a divine light.—Grace, free grace. God's own method of sal-

vation, hail to thee! Glory in the highest to thy Supreme and Adorable Dispenser!

LVI.

"Peace on earth and good will to men."—  
Beneath the habit of a hermit, in the ruined chapel of the Pic-du-Puits, Franz Le Rouge has numbered sixty springs, kneeling on the steps of the altar; and sixty winters in the environs of the Pic, in the desolate gorges, on the cloud-capped summits, amid the ice, beneath the thunder, has he numbered! wan-

dering by night as well as by day, in search of belated or lost travellers. He died gently, and in his bier of pine, Franz Le Rouge, pale and icy, presented to the eyes of the faithful a bald and serene brow, and a smile of beatitude was as it were lost in the waves of his long beard, whiter than the mountain snow.

LVII.

Thus runs the legend of The Endless Stairway. "Peace on earth and good will to men."

"SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS."

No. 5.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

THE SUMMER CALL.

WINTER is fled from earth,  
Winter the hoary,  
Summer, the Lord of Mirth,  
Greenness, and glory,  
Spouse of the beauteous flow'rs,  
Winter bids wither,  
Loved of the verdant bow'rs  
Fast speedeth hither;  
Laughing earth for his tread  
Listens delighted,  
See her rich banquet spread,  
All are invited;  
Come with me, Connaught maid,  
Young hearts and loving,  
Through wood and sunlit glade,  
Well should love roving;  
Come with me,  
Frank and free,  
Harsh to me never,  
Sweet type of purity,  
Truth and love, ever.

Come by the banks of green,  
Where the Suck floweth,  
Stream, the Boy Love, I ween  
Best of all knoweth;  
There hath he often stray'd  
By that lone river,  
Plucking for youth and maid,  
Shafts from his quiver;  
Come, and with lays of love  
Fondly I'll woo thee,  
Without one wish to rove,

Clinging unto thee—  
Come to this faithful breast,  
Love overladen,  
Cheering its sad unrest—  
Come, Connaught maiden.  
Come with me,  
Frank and free,  
Harsh to me never,  
Sweet type of purity,  
Truth and love, ever.

Come, that my tongue may speak  
Words that will cheer thee,  
Come ere my heart will break,  
Dying to be near thee;  
Come, that the glorious skies,  
Cloudless above thee—  
May with their lustrous eyes  
See how I love thee;  
Hearts may be bought and sold,  
For such I care not!  
Hearts may be false and cold—  
Such heart I wear not!  
Come then, my bride to be,  
My harp hath spoken—  
Ne'er again, save for thee,  
Shall it be woken.  
Come with me,  
Frank and free,  
Harsh to me never,  
Sweet type of purity,  
Truth and love, ever.



### MICA BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR—CANADA SIDE.

THE above cut gives a correct view of one of the chief mining establishments on the British side of Lake Superior, which has lately been rendered somewhat notorious from the fact of the Indians having retaken the lands from the British on the ground that no equivalent had been rendered them by the provincial government. We do not know anything about the merits of this particular case, but we fear that very little of the soil now held by us descendants of European ancestors could be retained if the aboriginal owners or their heirs should attempt to seize upon a similar pretext. As the copper mines in the region of Mica Bay have been worked with great success by the Quebec Mining Company, the Indians probably thought they had parted with their inheritance rather too cheaply and were disposed to exact better terms. It happened very fortunately for all parties that the miners had no arms to defend themselves, and so the Indians took peaceable possession of their ground, for many deaths must have been the consequence of resistance

on the part of the British. The difficulty has since been settled, and the company are to resume their mining operations this spring. It is estimated that the value of the copper sent to market from the mining lands on the American shore of Lake Superior the last year was nearly five millions of dollars.—Taking the cost of production into the account there is no doubt that the copper region of Lake Superior has added more positive wealth to the country than the gold region of California.

Lake Superior is comparatively an unknown region to the majority of our people, but the increasing facilities of travel, and the spread of immigration in that direction will in a very few years render this great inland sea as well known as the beautiful lakes which lie in the bosom of our own State. The recently published volume by Professor Agassiz and Elliot Cabot, giving an account of the natural history and geography of Lake Superior is the most important work upon the subject that has yet appeared.



## THE BIRDS OF AMERICA

No. 3.

BY JULIAN HOOPER.

Come ye who would feast at the table of Nature!  
 And slake your keen thirst in her wide flowing springs;  
 Come hither! and quaff from her o'erflowing measure,  
 And find what full bounty of pleasure she brings.

*Moulting of Birds, and their change of Plumage.*

The moulting of birds has as yet received but a limited share of attention from ornithologists; almost universally birds moult either once or twice a year, and when kept in confinement they oftentimes die before they have regained their new dress. In the gradual perfection of plumage from the young to the full grown bird, it is interesting to observe the motley garbs at times assumed by the males: let us take, for instance, the *phœnisoma rubra* or scarlet tanager; the first season the young males are of an olive green, not unlike the female; the second season the scarlet feathers appear interspersed among the green ones, giving the bird a motley appearance; and the third season the scarlet feathers entirely clothe the bird; and with his scarlet coat, and black wings and tail, adorns the woods, being the most brilliant of all our birds. Now let us see the manner that our birds change from their summer to their winter plumage; let it be, however, understood that they do not all of them undergo this change. The *sturnella ludoviciana* (meadow lark or starling) is a familiarly known bird, and I will take it as an example; the male bird in its perfect summer plumage, is as follows: throat, breast, whole under parts, inside lining of the wing, and line over the eye, rich gamboge yellow; sides of the neck bordered by a band of deep velvety black, which forms an elegant oblong crescent on the upper part of the breast; lesser wing coverts black, and broadly bordered with pale ash; the remainder of the wing light brown, each feather being serrated with black; a cream-like line extends from the upper region of the eye to the occiput; cheeks gray; back beautifully intermixed with pale ochre, bright bay and black; tail having the four outer feathers white, inner ones variegated, as in the back. As the cold weather approaches the bird moults, and the new feathers appear, all of them tipped with a lighter color than before; the breast, instead of being of the rich gamboge yellow, as in summer, have each of the feathers tipped with light drab; the bird continues in this state till spring, when the tips of the feathers

drop off, and the bird is then in its perfect summer plumage. This fact I have observed in the *alauda alpestris* (shore lark), *spiza cyanea* (indigo bird), and a great number of others.

In confinement, most birds of brilliant plumage, after they have shed their feathers, never regain them as before; the *spiza cyanea* (indigo bird), *dolichonyx oryzivorus* (bob o' link, or rice blackbird) are examples of this fact.—The cause of this is undoubtedly the change of habit the bird is compelled to undergo by being in a state of confinement, the change of food, and of climate conducing to cause this immature development of plumage.—When some birds are kept in confinement for a long course of years, they will gradually lose their coloring, for it is well known that if the *coccothorus cardinalis* is kept, for a number of years in confinement, that it will gradually lose its rich vermilion and will eventually change to a pink.

*Diseases incident to Birds.*

Birds, like mankind, are subject to diseases of all kinds, as these: consumption, debility, inflammation, congestion, rheumatism, worms, and a thousand other like evils. In confinement, when they are removed from their natural abode, where their food is of so different a character, is certainly a sufficient reason for the generation of various diseases: we find if ducks are kept without a sufficient quantity of water, they soon become diseased; and if you keep them entirely away from the water, merely giving them it to drink, and not allowing them to wash, disease soon appears among them; ducks always copulate under water, and it is a remarkable fact that should this be done on land, that it causes a peculiar disease, in its exterior character much resembling the piles in man. Many birds are troubled with fleas and other parasitical vermin peculiar to them; I remember once having an English skylark (*alauda arvensis*) so tormented with these vermin, that notwithstanding the care taken in giving the bird plenty of water to cleanse itself with, in a short time it died, perfectly emaciated by the destructive parasitical vermin which infested it. Some birds are troubled with internal worms; Wil-

son mentions the blue bird (*sialia wilsonii*) as being infested with a species of tape worm. It is yet adhered to by many writers that animals in their aboriginal or native state are free from all diseases; but we have too many striking proofs of the vagueness of this theory; no doubt, however, they are not so liable to become so as when confined. To those who wish to study the diseases of birds as incidental to their confinement, I would respectfully refer them to Mr. Beckstein's work on the cage birds.

#### *Longevity of Birds.*

The longevity of animal life is a subject of much speculative theory in regard to its extent: the following statements have been made, but for the truth of them I decline to vouch.

Pliny says, in speaking of the age of man, "that a crow lives nine times as long as we; and harts or stags four times as long as he, but ravens thrice as long as they."\* If we consider mankind to average the age of 30 years, the age of the crow would be 270 years; that of the stag 1080 years, and that of the raven at 3240 years. Willoughby says he "was credibly informed of a goose 80 years of age, and was then in sound health and strength." The pelican and the eagle also have been observed to live for a long series of years. On the authority of Raczyński, the *alauda arvensis* (skylark) has been known to live 24 years.†

Mr. Wilson mentions the fact of a *cocco-borus cardinalis* (cardinal grosbeak) in the possession of Mr. Peale, of Philadelphia, which had lived in a cage upwards of 21 years.

#### *Fabulous accounts in regard to Birds.*

The fabulous history of birds of ancient times, have been so completely and thoroughly refuted, that we will not pause on their history. The phoenix, the bernacle goose, the feetless paradise birds, and an almost countless array of absurdities have now been entirely obliterated by the advancement of scientific knowledge. Yet in this enlightened nineteenth century much ignorance and superstition prevails in relation to many birds and other animals. The owls are by many held as an evil omen, as the poet says:

"Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the scritch owl,‡ scritchings loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in wo,  
In remembrance of a shroud,  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide."  
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

\* Holland's Plinie, vii. 48.

† Hist. Nat. Polonie, 4to. Gaed. 1745.

‡ The *strix flammea*—white or barn owl.

But I will not attempt to enumerate the various superstitious beliefs in connection with birds; but rather continue on in the statement of facts from observation in regard to them.

#### *Food of Birds.*

In regard to the food of birds, we will view them in five classes. The carnivorous birds, or those feeding on animal food, (not including insects or fish); the insectivorous birds, those feeding on annulosa or insects; the piscivorous birds, or those feeding on fish and other marine animals; the omnivorous birds, or those feeding on a variety of food, such as berries, seeds, insects, &c.; and lastly, the granivorous birds, or those feeding exclusively on vegetable substances.

In the internal organization of these five classes, (as we may call them,) we find great differences in their construction; so much so, that a person acquainted with the comparative anatomy of birds, as soon as they dissect the carcase of a bird, can at once determine by the formation of the gullet, gizzard, &c., to which of the preceding classes his bird belongs. We will examine the chief differences in these classes.

In the carnivorous birds we are struck with the great width of the gullet, which enables these birds to degurtinate any large bones or other substances that are difficult of digestion; although they degurtinate many large bones, feathers, &c., yet they are able to digest bones. Sir Edward Home says, "that from the stomach of one of the gigantic crane (*ciconia argala temoninch*) he has taken a land tortoise, ten inches long, and a large male black cat entire."\* The gizzard and digastric muscle which surrounds the same, has a soft internal membrane, which I believe is universal in all carnivorous birds. In the strigidae (owls) the gullet is larger than in the eagles (*aquilinae*), but the gizzard is similar in form.

In the granivorous birds, or those feeding on grain, seeds and berries, the seeds of plants may be swallowed and pass through the gizzard without being effected by the gastric juices of the glands, and the same seeds, afterwards placed in the ground, will vegetate; and indeed it is stated by Sir Joseph Banks, that instead of producing a deteriorating effect upon the seeds, it is a means of their quicker germination; whether this be the case I am not yet satisfied, but in regard to the fact of germinating after passing through the intestines of birds, has been demonstrated times out of number. They swallow small pebbles which assist them in their digestive functions, the sharp edges of the stones reducing their food to a pulp; when these small pebbles be-

\* Phil. Trans. for 1813, p. 77.

come worn smooth and polished, and by that means not answering the purpose they were taken into the stomach for, the bird is enabled to evacuate them at pleasure, and swallow fresh ones to supply the vacancy. Birds, when confined, oftentimes swallow too many, and indeed they have been known to die from this excess. Of all families of birds the swan and the goose possess the greatest powers of digestion; this is assisted by the fact of their having the gullet expanded, forming, as it were, a cavity for the storing up of food.

The insectivorous birds seldom eat gravel.

The piscivorous birds, or those feeding on fish, in the organization of the gizzard, bear an affinity to the carnivorous tribes; some have peculiarly powerful means of digestion; the gannets (genus *sula*) might be evidenced as one, for, according to Mr. Bullock's observations, the gastric fluids are so powerful that in a few minutes after a fish is swallowed its skin entirely disappears.

In the omnivorous birds we find those possessing the greatest number of typical characters concentrated in a single individual; the genus *corvus* (crow) is, I shall hereafter show, the most typical of any of the feathered tribe; and the birds in this genus are omnivorous in their habits.

### Architecture of Birds.

#### GENERAL REMARKS.

The architecture of birds is of itself alone a study; and I think that there is scarcely any branch of ornithology so replete with interest as this one now mentioned. Can we look for a moment at the wonderful ingenuity displayed in the construction of nests, in the intricate mechanism of the weavers, and not reflect with feelings of adoration on that all-wise and beneficent omnipresent Creator of all good? What is more pleasing than to observe the variety of situation resorted to in the building of their nests, and how harmonious is it (as are all things in Nature) to see that those birds which are not very careful in the concealment of their nest are those which deposit eggs of a sombre or dull tint, while those whose eggs are brightly colored seek the most concealed places for their abode? The *picidae* (woodpeckers), for example, whose eggs in color are very conspicuous, being usually of an unsullied white, build their nests in the holes of trees; while, on the contrary, we find the *fringilla* (finches) generally build on the ground among the grass, and usually deposit eggs of a brown color, and therefore not easily detected, as they otherwise would be. As exemplifying the various situations of the breeding places of birds, the

following characteristic stanzas from Thomson's Seasons will not be inappropriate:

"Some to the holly hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insect, and its moss their nests.  
Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry through the busy air,  
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,  
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,  
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows."

#### Peculiarities in the Construction of Nests.

The peculiar modes adopted by birds in the construction of their nests, may be classed as follows: 1. Mason birds, or those plastering their nests. 2. Carpenter birds, or those who excavate holes in trees. 3. Mining birds, or those who excavate holes in banks, as per example the *hirundo riparia* (bank swallow). 4. Weaving birds, or those who weave as it were their nests. 5. Felt-making birds, or those whose nests are constructed in a somewhat similar manner to the weavers, but exceedingly finer in texture. 6. Tailor birds, or those who sew their nests together, and construct them of leaves. 7. Basket-making birds, or those building nests after the character of a basket. 8. Oven or dome builders, or those who construct their nests with the entrance at the side, and are oftentimes sunk beneath the surface of the ground. 9. Parasitical birds, or those depositing their eggs in the nest of other birds. 10. Birds that do not build a nest.

Let us review them in their order.

1. The mason birds; these birds cement or plaster their nests with a peculiar saliva or glutinous matter, which the American ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, considered was a strong adhesive glue or gum secreted by two glands, located on either side of the hind head, and mixing with the saliva.\* This glutinous matter, when spread in the interstices of the nest after being exposed to the atmosphere, soon become very hard and compact. Others plaster their nests with mud,

\* See Wilson's American Ornithology, History and Habits of the *Cypselus Pelasginus* (chimney swallow).



clay, and the excrements of herbivorous animals. In England, a species of *hirundinidæ* (swallow) is found, called the *cypselus apus*, or common swift; this bird is common in the villages and small towns, where it builds its plastered nest under the eaves of houses in colonies, sometimes forty or fifty being in close connection; these birds, as is common with many others, annually return to the same nests; in spring, however, before the swifts arrive, their old nests are taken possession of by the *pyrgita domestica* (house sparrow), and when the swifts appear, and find their homes are taken possession of by these intruders, a desperate conflict ensues, in which the sparrows are completely routed; and in several instances I have known the swifts, if unable to drive the sparrows out, to assemble together, flying round about uttering their loud screech, (which has given rise to the appellation of screechers to these birds) evidently planning some scheme by which to recover their habitations from their enemies, when suddenly they would all repair to a clay bank, and each take a portion of clay in their bills, and fly to the nest occupied by the sparrow, and continue this operation till they eventually plastered up the entrance to the nest; and in this dismal dungeon the imprisoned sparrows are left to perish. One of the most remarkable nests that we know of, is that of the *hirundo esculenta* of Latham, the esculent (swallow) of Java, whose nest is an article of food; the following facts may not generally be known, they are observations made by Mr. Crawford while in Java.\* "The best nests are those obtained in damp, deep caves, such as are taken before the birds deposit their eggs. Birds' nests are collected twice a year. Some of the caverns are extremely difficult of access, and the nests can only be collected by persons accustomed from their youth to the office. The most remarkable and productive caves in Java, of which I superintended a moiety of the collection for several years, are those of Karang-bolang, in the province of Baglen, on the south coast of the island. There the caves are only to be approached by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. The only preparation which the birds' nests undergo, is that of simple drying, without direct exposure to the sun, after which they are packed in small boxes, usually of a picul.† They are assorted for the Chinese market into three kinds, according to their qualities; distinguished into first, or best, second and third qualities. Caverns that are regularly managed, will afford, in one

hundred parts, fifty-three and three-tenths parts of those of the first quality, thirty-five parts of those of the second, eleven and seven-tenths parts of those of the third. The common prices for birds' nests at Canton are, for the first quality, 3500 Spanish dollars the picul, or nearly 26 dollars per pound; for the second, 2800 Spanish dollars per picul; and, for the third, no more than 1600 Spanish dollars. In the Chinese markets, the superior kind are sometimes worth 4200 Spanish dollars per picul; being, therefore, more valuable than their weight in silver.

From Java there are exported about 200 piculs annually, or 27,000 pounds, the greater part of which are of the first quality. The greatest quantity is from the Suluk Archipelagos, and consists of 530 piculs, or 71,500 pounds. From Macassar there are sent about 30 piculs of the fine kind. Taking the quantity sent from Batavia as the estimate, we know that this is conveyed in 5300 tons of shipping, and therefore the whole quantity will be 1818 piculs, or 242,400 pounds; in the Archipelago, at the prices already quoted, this property is worth 1,263,519 Spanish dollars. There is perhaps no production upon which human industry is exerted, of which the cost of production bears so small a proportion to the market price.

The composition of these nests was a matter of mere conjecture for a long period. Marin, in his *Hist. de la Chine*, p. 42, considers these nests as formed of a conglomeration of marine shells. Kœmpfer is of opinion that they are a preparation of marine polype.\* Sir Stamford Raffles, a celebrated British naturalist, who spent a number of years in Java and the adjacent countries, is decidedly of opinion that whatever the nest is composed of, it is brought up from the stomach, and requires at times so much exertion as to bring up blood, the stain of which is seen on the nest. Mr. S. Raffles furnished Sir Everard Home with birds for dissection, and arrived at the following conclusions:† "There is a membranous tube surrounding the duct of each of the gastric glands, which, after projecting into the gullet a little way, splits into separate portions like the petals of a flower. That the mucus of which the nest is composed is secreted from the glands whose ducts these tubes surround. For what purpose so extraordinary an apparatus could be provided, would probably have puzzled the weak intellects of human beings, and given rise to many wild theories, had not the animal matter of which the bird's nest is composed, and the accurate observation of Sir Stamford Raffles, led to the discovery of its use."

\* Crawford's *Indian Archipelago*, vol. iii.

† The picul is about 135 pounds avoirdupois.

\* See *Hist. de Japan*, i. 110.

† Sir E. Home in *Phil. Trans.* for 1817, p. 347.

2. The carpenter birds; they are those who hew themselves nests in wood, cutting and excavating holes in trees; the family of picidæ (woodpeckers) are striking examples of this class of builders. Their bills are of wonderful power, being wedge-shaped and of an ivory hardness; with this powerful instrument they strip the trees of their bark in search of insects for food; this incessant tapping may be heard (in the larger species) upwards of a mile on a summer's noon, when all

around is still as solitude; as Thomas Moore says in his beautiful song of the Woodpecker: "Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound, But the woodpecker tapping the hollow-beach tree."

The "carpenters" usually make the excavation for the nest crooked, and very deep, sometimes two feet from the entrance the nest is deposited, where a few loose materials are scattered on which the snow-white eggs are deposited.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BYRON.

BY W. H. DIETZ.

'Tis Genius only can the mind inspire,  
To touch with thrilling tones the Muse's lyre,  
And make each sympathizing being know  
And feel the hope or fear, the joy or woe,  
That fills the bosom of the child of song,  
As o'er the page he pours his soul along  
In strains of harmony so deep, so pure,  
Their fame through after ages must endure.

And thousands own the thrilling power of one  
Whose genius beams resplendant as the sun,  
In all his noon-day glory;—sad and brief  
Was his career on earth, so fraught with grief;  
Yet as his life in sorrow passed away  
A wreath he won, which shall not all decay,  
But each successive year shall know his fame,  
And keep the halo bright around his name.

His comprehensive and elastic mind  
Midst Nature's beauties revelled unconfined,  
And grasped the universe; all it surveyed,  
With force and truth he vividly portrayed;  
The rushing cataract,—deep-heaving sea,  
The mountain towering in its majesty;  
The mournful ruin crumbling by decay,  
The midnight thunder-storm's terrific sway;  
The lake's secluded tranquilizing scene,  
The river flowing peaceful and serene,  
These are the themes wherein his genius glows  
Triumphant, and impels him to disclose,  
The feelings of his inmost soul which swells

With joy and rapture, while his mind still dwells  
In an ideal world where visions bright,  
Of Nature's glories dazzle and excite.

Or turn the leaf to where the honored dead,  
Are justly praised. The Patriot who bled  
To free his country from a tyrant's reign  
That bound it in oppression's galling chain;  
The Orator who with a zeal intense,  
Poured forth his soul-subduing eloquence;  
These and the great of ages past engage  
His pen, and live immortal on his page.

The many disappointed hopes, the woes  
He deeply felt and mourned, from these arose  
The gloomy characters his fancy drew,  
And bodied forth, and then around them threw  
The circumstances which had forced his mind  
At times to feel at war with all mankind;  
In them each sad and lonely heart is shown  
Some thought or feeling that was once its own.

His verse impassioned brilliant in each line,  
With purest gems from Fancy's richest mine,  
Whose strong and varied conceptions show  
A master-mind whence Poetry could flow  
In thrilling sentiments, and thoughts sublime,  
To shed their lustre through the lapse of time;  
Now o'er his faults let Mercy's veil be spread,  
And Pity's tear shall for his griefs be shed.

## THE PETITION.

BY J. N.

I ASK not wealth—if it were given  
It could not purchase peace in Heaven:  
I ask, on earth, a rural cot  
In some sweet, calm, retired spot;  
And there let love and friendship stay  
Till life sheds her last parting ray.  
Then, where the weeping willows wave,  
Give me and mine a peaceful grave:  
I ask not sculptured tombs of art,  
But stamp my image on the heart,  
With fond affection, pure, refined,  
Where it may ever live enshrined.

I ask for grace, for faith, and love—  
A resting-place—a home above.  
I ask not fame—'tis poisoned breath,  
And will not save the soul from death:  
But in my breast ambition's fire  
Bids the immortal soul aspire  
To glittering crowns and robes of white  
With an immortal radiance bright;  
Where saints and seraphs ever sing  
Praises to Heaven's Eternal King.

January, 1850.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF COL. ADIEL SHERWOOD.

BY G. H. S.

ADIEL SHERWOOD was born in Washington, Conn., 24th December, 1749, and at the age of thirteen came with his father to Fort Edward, New York. In this region of country he made his permanent residence. In September, 1775, he was appointed a lieutenant in the army by the Committee of Safety, and his brother, Seth, captain. In January, 1776, he was transferred to the Fourth New York Regiment, under Col. Wynkoop, and recruited a company near Albany, and put in charge of the public property at Half Moon, now Waterford. In June he was stationed at Ticonderoga and Skeenesboro'. From the former place he was sent upon a most hazardous expedition down the lake, to carry ammunition and funds to our army retreating from Canada. The *original order* is now in possession of the family:

"TICONDEROGA, June 24th, 1776.

"LT. SHERWOOD: SIR: You are to pass from here in a batteaux with seven men to Isle Aux Noix, and deliver the powder, barrels and keg, marked ammunition, to the Genl., and then return to this post. By order of

"CORNL. WYNKOOP, Col."

Near Plattsburgh a portion of our army was met, and the property delivered to Gen. Sullivan: the keg contained specie.

"HEAD QUARTERS, }  
"ALBANY, Feb. 11, 1777. }

"SIR: You, with the detachment under your command, will immediately repair to Cheshire's on Wood Creek, (Fort Ann.) Upon your arrival at that post, you will take charge of it, and remain there until further orders.—

"By order of the General.

"JOHN LANSING, JUN., Sec'y."

In June he was ordered to Fort George, where he remained till directed to retreat before Burgoyne to Still Water. He went out with Arnold to relieve Fort Stanwix. In 1778 he was at Valley Forge with Washington, and in the battle at Monmouth. Toward the close of 1778 he was ordered to Fort Stanwix, and kept the garrison till the spring of 1780. In July he was again entrusted with the command of Fort Ann.

"FORT GEORGE, 8th August. 1780.

"SIR: Your scouts came in here this morning, but have made no new discovery. I had

a scout return from Crown Point on the 6th instant—made no discovery, even of their shipping. A scout returned Saturday from Jessup's Road. They judged about twelve men had lately passed towards Johnstown.—The enemy yet leave us to ourselves. How long it will be so is uncertain—it is best to be constantly on our guard. If you should get any intelligence of consequence, would wish you to communicate it to me—the same I shall do to you. To prevent mischief between our own scouts, if they should meet, I shall give them *Stout Heart* for a watchword.—There should be prudence used in giving the word where the inhabitants are like those in this quarter of the country, or the enemy soon will hear it. Wishing we may on these frontiers remain in peace through the campaign, subscribe myself your obd. serv't,

"SAML. STAFFORD.

"CAPT. SHERWOOD, Commanding Fort Ann."

On the 1st of October, he was appointed major, and his scouts returned from South Bay on the 10th, having discovered no signs of the enemy. Soon Carleton, with 1100 British, Tories and Indians, had nearly surrounded the fort, and it was compelled to surrender: 60 to 70 men to 1100. The next day Fort George surrendered to the same force under Carleton. They were kept at Montreal as prisoners till the fall of 1782, having travelled by land on the west side of Lake Champlain. For five days they had nothing to eat but what chance threw in their way.

In 1784 or '85, he was member of the Assembly, then holding its sessions in the city, from Charlotte (now Washington) county.—He was soon commissioned a colonel in the militia by old Gov. Clinton.

When Washington made his northern tour in 1783, he ate two meals at the house of Col. Sherwood—the two soldiers had a happy meeting, for they had endured trials and sufferings together.

Col. Sherwood served as a magistrate fourteen years in succession. About 1880 he removed to Kingsbury, where he died in the winter of 1827. He reared a family of six children. He never united with any religious denomination, though his predilections were in favor of the Presbyterians. He was liberal to a fault—his house and purse were open to



the needy and destitute, and his credit pledged, for the benefit of others, too frequently for his own pecuniary interest.

These facts and reminiscences have been gathered up by a grandson: they might have been extended to fifty pages, but the design was to exhibit a small tribute of respect to a soldier of Revolutionary memory.

The Sherwood family came from Nottingham, or Yorke county, England, time out of remembrance. Two brothers, Thomas and

Andrew, settled in Fairfield county, Conn., just by the New York line, as early probably as 1700, perhaps earlier, and the descendants cannot be numbered. Thomas had nearly a dozen sons, Thomas, Seth, and others. The sons of Seth were Thomas, Seth, and Adiel, the subject of this memoir. The eldest removed to Canada soon after the termination of the Revolution, and Seth was the first Judge of Cayuga county, New York, about a quarter of a century.

## THE ASPEN.\*

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

How on the convict's brow a God-light glows!  
Behold in utter lonesome he doth tread  
The Calvary-heights—his father's smile is fled—  
And they who follow him, in sins are dead.  
He goes to sacrifice 'mid jeering foes;  
The cross-bearing Saviour in divinest love  
To crucifixion goes—that love to prove.

Jerusalem! how silently she lies,  
Answering the look of angels, *good as fair!*  
How smileth she, who in a full despair  
Hath need in sackcloth to pour forth her prayer!  
Hath she no voice for wail, while burst his cries?  
Hath she no heart to break—hath she no fears,  
Or love for him, who wept o'er her his tears?

The Judean plain rests in the sunlight's arms,  
And boldly gazeth on astonished Heaven.  
Hath *she* no shame, no grief, that she has given  
Home to the race which unto death has striven  
With the Atonement? Hath she no alarms?  
Hath she no anguish, nor one warning word?  
No conscious heart to be with terror stirred?

The monarch trees are royally arrayed—  
Majestic cedars, and the lofty pines;  
How kindly o'er them all the great sun shines!  
Sweet resting place the weary birdling finds;  
With thistle-down, and bee, in the cool shade.  
A breathless summer, calm, and bright—  
Man's guilt that day spread soul-gloom, deep as  
night.

Oh! wherefore, when the sun-rays warmest fall,  
When the bird's wings are folded, and the streams  
Shine through the forest with more vivid gleams,  
Whispering sweet rhythms such as haunt our  
Wherefore, when silence lieth as a pall [dreams,  
O'er the wide plain, quivers the aspen tree  
In such a ceaseless, solemn harmony?

Like a poor mortal thing in mortal fear,  
Since morn those silvery leaves have quivered so,  
Yet not a zephyr moves them to and fro;  
Still in dead calmness of the sun's fierce glow  
They thrill and quiver, as tho' storms were near.  
Beneath the cross the Saviour bendeth—lo!  
*The aspen cross*, well might they tremble so!

From Nature's heart alone in that dread hour  
Burst cries of horror at man's woful deed,  
When Jesus trod to crush the serpent's seed,  
Man saw unmoved his human nature's need.  
But the graves rent—the dead rose—and a power  
Greater than earth's shook those fair aspen trees—  
Pall'd Heaven—unveil'd the temple's mysteries!

*For ever tremble those green monuments!*  
The graves reclosed—the sun shone forth again,  
And to unholy deeds turned murd'rous men,  
For Christ was dead:—ye Gentiles, dead in vain!  
Oh, list th' affrighted aspen's evidence!  
*Can ye from Calvary turn with scornful brow?*  
Then go! fear not! no voice will question now,  
In this false generation—"what dost thou?"

\* Among the Highlanders of Scotland there is a current belief that the cross of Christ's crucifixion was fashioned from the aspen wood; and that the now continual quivering of the leaves of this species of poplar, dates from *that* day of agony and of hope.

## HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

*The Scarlet Letter.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Boston. 1850.

The *Scarlet Letter* is a pure romance, and, as a work of art, is as nearly perfect as the story of Cupid and Psyche, or any of the great master pieces of genius that have delighted the world by their purity. And by purity we mean the absence of faults, and not any reference to the moral tone of the work; but its morality is unobjectionable, for that matter, and even of a puritanical strictness.—There is hanging to the story, in the form of an introduction, an extremely pleasant piece of gossipry on the Salem Custom House, giving the author's experiences as an attaché of that Castle of Indolence, which every reader will feel to be *detrop* in its present place, however agreeable it might be apart by itself; and it strikes us that Mr. Hawthorne would be doing himself a good turn by omitting it in the next edition. It does not prepare the mind for the romance and is therefore an encumbrance. One feels provoked after reading it to find that he might have let it alone. There is one objection to it, besides, which is fatal to such a production; it leaves the reader in doubt whether the facts stated in relation to the finding of the *Scarlet Letter* in the Upper Chamber of the Custom House be fact or fiction. There appears to be a good deal of witchery in Salem even now, and if the facts related by Mr. Hawthorne, touching the finding of the mysterious letter, had occurred in any other of Uncle Sam's Custom Houses we should have had no doubt of their fictitious character, but we know not what to think of them coming from such a witch element. If they are the invention of Mr. Hawthorne, as we suspect, they should not have been introduced into a matter of fact essay on so prosy a subject as the Custom House. But now we remember that a very matter of fact sort of person did, but a few years since, find among the musty papers of our own Custom House here in New York, a number of extremely curious letters and documents, which, being printed in a book, created a much greater sensation than Mr. Hawthorne's work is likely to do. It would be worth the while, we think, for other of Uncle Sam's nephews to poke among the musty papers of the Custom Houses, and no doubt many a fine romance might be raked out of the prosy records of the imports and exports of the country. Since we have alluded to the circumstance of the finding of the *Scarlet Letter* by Mr. Hawthorne, we will give his own narrative of the affair, which, whether true or not, is a most charming piece of writing and in his best vein:

In the second story of the Custom House, there

is a large room, in which the brick-work and naked rafters have never been covered with panelling and plaster. The edifice—originally projected on a scale adapted to the old commercial enterprise of the port, and with an idea of subsequent prosperity destined never to be realized—contains far more space than its occupants know what to do with.—This airy hall, therefore, over the Collector's apartments, remains unfinished to this day, and, in spite of the aged cobwebs that festoon its dusky beams, appears still to await the labor of the carpenter and mason. At one end of the room, in a recess, were a number of barrels, piled one upon another, containing bundles of official documents. Large quantities of similar rubbish lay lumbering the floor. It was sorrowful to think how many days, and weeks, and months, and years of toil, had been wasted on these musty papers, which were now only an encumbrance on earth, and were hidden away in this forgotten corner, never more to be glanced at by human eyes. But, then, what reams of other manuscripts—filled, not with the dullness of official formalities, but with the thought of inventive brains and the rich effusion of deep hearts—had gone equally to oblivion; and that, moreover, without serving a purpose in their day, as these heaped up papers had, and—saddest of all—without purchasing for their writers the comfortable livelihood which the clerks of the Custom House had gained by these worthless scratchings of the pen! Yet not altogether worthless, perhaps, as materials of local history. Here, no doubt, statistics of the former commerce of Salem might be discovered, and memorials of her princely merchants,—old King Derby,—old Billy Gray,—old Simon Forrester,—and many another magnate in his day; whose powdered head, however, was scarcely in the tomb, before his mountain-pile of wealth began to dwindle. The founders of the greater part of the families which now compose the aristocracy of Salem might here be traced, from the petty and obscure beginnings of their traffic, at periods generally much posterior to the Revolution, upward to what their children look upon as long-established rank.

Prior to the Revolution, there is a dearth of records; the earlier documents and archives of the Custom House having, probably, been carried off to Halifax, when all the King's officials accompanied the British army in its flight from Boston. It has often been a matter of regret with me; for, going back, perhaps, to the days of the Protectorate, those papers must have contained many references to forgotten or remembered men, and to antique customs, which would have affected me with the same pleasure as when I used to pick up Indian arrow-heads in the field near the Old Manse.

But, one idle and rainy day, it was my fortune to make a discovery of some little interest. Poking and burrowing into the heaped-up rubbish in the corner; unfolding one and another document, and reading the names of vessels that had long ago foundered at sea or rotted at the wharves, and those of merchants, never heard of now on 'Change, nor very readily decipherable on their mossy tombstones; glancing at such matters with the saddened, weary, half-reluctant interest which we bestow on the corpse of dead activity,—and exerting my fancy, sluggish with little use, to raise up from these dry bones an image of the old town's brighter aspect, when India was a new region, and only

Salem knew the way thither,—I chanced to lay my hand on a small package, carefully done up in a piece of ancient yellow parchment. This envelope had the air of an official record of some period long past, when clerks engrossed their stiff and formal chirography on more substantial materials than at present. There was something about it that quickened an instinctive curiosity, and made me undo the faded red tape, that tied up the package, with the sense that a treasure would here be brought to light. Unbending the rigid folds of the parchment cover, I found it to be a commission, under the hand and seal of Governor Shirley, in favor of one Jonathan Pue, as Surveyor of his Majesty's Customs for the port of Salem, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay. I remembered to have read (probably in Felt's Annals) a notice of the decease of Mr. Surveyor Pue, about fourscore years ago; and likewise, in a newspaper of recent times, an account of the digging up of his remains in the little grave-yard of St. Peter's Church, during the renewal of that edifice. Nothing, if I rightly call to mind, was left of my respected predecessor, save an imperfect skeleton, and some fragments of apparel, and a wig of majestic frizzle; which, unlike the head that it once adorned, was in very satisfactory preservation. But, on examining the papers which the parchment commission served to envelop, I found more traces of Mr. Pue's mental part, and the internal operations of his head, than the frizzled wig had contained of the venerable skull itself.

They were documents, in short, not official, but of a private nature, or, at least, written in his private capacity, and apparently with his own hand. I could account for their being included in the heap of Custom House lumber only by the fact, that Mr. Pue's death had happened suddenly; and that these papers, which he probably kept in his official desk, had never come to the knowledge of his heirs, or were supposed to relate to the business of the revenue. On the transfer of the archives to Halifax, this package, proving to be of no public concern, was left behind, and had remained ever since unopened.

The ancient Surveyor—being little molested, I suppose, at that early day, with business pertaining to his office—seems to have devoted some of his many leisure hours to researches as a local antiquarian, and other inquisitions of a similar nature. These supplied material for petty activity to a mind that would otherwise have been eaten up with rust. A portion of his facts, by the by, did me good service in the preparation of the article entitled "MAIN STREET," included in the present volume. The remainder may perhaps be applied to purposes equally valuable, hereafter; or not possibly may be worked up, so far as they go, into a regular history of Salem, should my veneration for the natal soil ever impel me to so pious a task. Meanwhile, they shall be at the command of any gentleman, inclined, and competent, to take the unprofitable labor off my hands. As a final disposition, I contemplate depositing them with the Essex Historical Society.

But the object that most drew my attention, in the mysterious package, was a certain affair of fine red cloth, much worn and faded. There were traces about it of gold embroidery, which, however, was greatly frayed and defaced; so that none, or very little, of the glitter was left. It had been wrought, as was easy to perceive, with wonderful skill of needlework; and the stitch (as I am assured by ladies conversant with such mysteries) gives evidence of a now forgotten art, not to be recovered even by the process of picking out the

threads. This rag of scarlet cloth,—for time, and wear, and a sacrilegious moth, had reduced it to little other than a rag,—on careful examination, assumed the shape of a letter. It was the capital letter A. By an accurate measurement, each limb proved to be precisely three inches and a quarter in length. It had been intended, there could be no doubt, as an ornamental article of dress; but how it was to be worn, or what rank, honor, and dignity, in by-past times, were signified by it, was a riddle which (so evanescent are the fashions of the world in these particulars) I saw little hope of solving. And yet it strangely interested me. My eyes fastened themselves upon the old scarlet letter, and would not be turned aside. Certainly, there was some deep meaning in it, most worthy of interpretation, and which, as it were, streamed forth from the mystic symbol, subtly communicating itself to my sensibilities, but evading the analysis of my mind.

While thus perplexed,—and cogitating, among other hypotheses, whether the letter might not have been one of those decorations which the white men used to contrive, in order to take the eyes of Indians,—I happened to place it on my breast. It seemed to me,—the reader may smile, but must not doubt my word,—it seemed to me, then, that I experienced a sensation not altogether physical, yet almost so, as of burning heat; and as if the letter were not of red cloth, but red-hot iron. I shuddered, and involuntarily let it fall upon the floor.

In the absorbing contemplation of the scarlet letter, I had hitherto neglected to examine a small roll of dingy paper, around which it had been twisted. This I now opened, and had the satisfaction to find, recorded by the old Surveyor's pen, a reasonably complete explanation of the whole affair. There were several foolscap sheets, containing many particulars respecting the life and conversation of one Hester Prynne, who appeared to have been rather a noteworthy personage in the view of our ancestors. She had flourished during a period between the early days of Massachusetts and the close of the seventeenth century. Aged persons, alive in the time of Mr. Surveyor Pue, and from whose oral testimony he had made up his narrative, remembered her, in their youth, as a very old, but not decrepit woman, of a stately and solemn aspect. It had been her habit, from an almost immemorial date, to go about the country as a kind of voluntary nurse, and doing whatever miscellaneous good she might; taking upon herself, likewise, to give advice in all matters, especially those of the heart; by which means, as a person of such propensities inevitably must, she gained from many people the reverence due to an angel, but, I should imagine, was looked upon by others as an intruder and a nuisance. Prying farther into the manuscript, I found the record of other doings and sufferings of this singular woman, for most of which the reader is referred to the story entitled "THE SCARLET LETTER;" and it should be borne carefully in mind, that the main facts of that story are authorized and authenticated by the document of Mr. Surveyor Pue. The original papers, together with the scarlet letter itself,—a most curious relic,—are still in my possession, and shall be freely exhibited to whomsoever, induced by the great interest of the narrative, may desire a sight of them.

We had intended to give an extended notice of this new work by Mr. Hawthorne, but a gentleman whose thoughts will be more acceptable to our readers than our own remarks, having sent us an



able review of it for our next number, we shall do no more than to express our opinion that the *Scarlet Letter* is the finest production of its highly gifted author, and among the finest and most original works of fiction of which our literature can boast.

*White Jacket; or, the World in a Man-of-War.*  
By Herman Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

We believe that Mr. Melville gives us, in this volume, the last of his sea experiences as a sailor, but as he has recently made a passage to and from Europe, as a cabin passenger, he will probably publish the result of his ocean observations from his new stand point. Heretofore he has given us life before-the-mast, but hereafter he will give us life a-baft it. So observing a writer, and the possessor of so rollicking and flowing a style can anywhere find materials for a good sized volume, and as he gives no signs of flagging or exhaustion we hope to read many new volumes from his pen.—Although he has achieved his triumphs on the sea it would be doing him a very great injustice to assert that his talent cannot flourish on the land, for it was on shore that he gained his first literary laurels among the delicious groves of Typee. *White Jacket* is altogether a sea narrative, and excepting a rhapsody about the incomparable Bay of Rio, which he happily denominates the “Bay of all Beauties,” the scene never changes from the deck of the frigate *Neversink*. The descriptions are the finest, most accurate and entertaining of any narrative of sea life that has ever been published; neither Cooper's nor Maryat's will compare with them for fidelity and spirit. The book has two characters and each is perfectly sustained. It is an eloquent, humorous and faithful picture of man-of-war-life, and also a thorough exposure of the enormities, defects and evil tendencies of our whole naval system. Much good must result from the circulation of such a book among our people, but particularly from its being read by the rising generation who are to be our future law-makers. Mr. Melville informs us that he was just a year on board the *Neversink*, and it is probable that if he had been longer in the service, he would have given a less vivid picture of the scenes through which he passed, for they would have become familiar to him, and been regarded as things of course. The characters and the ship are drawn under a thin veil of fiction, which he furnishes the means for removing, in giving the previous history of the *Neversink*, or, at least, one of the battles in which she was engaged during the last war with Great Britain. As there is nothing more peculiar to a man-of-war than the barbarous practice of flogging still in vogue in our national ships, we make the following extract, giving an account of one of the numerous floggings which *White Jacket* was compelled to witness on board the *Neversink*. Once

he was called up to the main-mast to be flogged himself, but, by an accident, escaped the indignity of bearing upon his person as a token of his having been in the service of his country, the marks of the lash which none but slaves and United States sailors can exhibit:

“All hands witness punishment, ahoy!”

The hoarseness of the cry, its unrelenting prolongation, its being caught up at different points, and sent through the lowermost depths of the ship; all this produces a most dismal effect upon every heart not calloused by long habituation to it.

However much you may desire to absent yourself from the scene that ensues, yet behold it you must; or, at least, stand near it you must; for the regulations enjoin the attendance of the entire ship's company, from the corpulent captain himself to the smallest boy who strikes the bell.

“All hands witness punishment, ahoy!”

To the sensitive seaman that summons sounds like a doom. He knows that the same law which impels it—the same law by which the culprits of the day must suffer; that by that very law he also is liable at any time to be judged and condemned. And the inevitableness of his own presence at the scene; the strong arm that drags him in view of the scourge, and holds him there till all is over; forcing upon his loathing eye and soul the sufferings and groans of men who have familiarly consorted with him, eaten with him, battled out watches with him—men of his own type and badge—all this conveys a terrible hint of the omnipotent authority under which he lives. Indeed, to such a man the naval summons to witness punishment carries a thrill, somewhat akin to what we may impute to the quick and the dead, when they shall hear the Last Trump, that is to bid them all arise in their ranks, and behold the final penalties inflicted upon the sinners of our race.

But it must not be imagined that to all men-of-war's-men that summons conveys such poignant emotions; but it is hard to decide whether one should be glad or sad that this is not the case; whether it is grateful to know that so much pain is avoided, or whether it is far sadder to think that, either from constitutional hard-heartedness or the multiplied searings of habit, hundreds of men-of-war's-men have been made proof against the sense of degradation, pity and shame.

As if in sympathy with the scene to be enacted, the sun, which the day previous had merrily flashed upon the tin pan of the disconsolate *Down Easter*, was now setting over the dreary waters, veiling itself in vapors. The wind blew hoarsely in the cordage; the seas broke heavily against the bows; and the frigate, staggering under the whole top-sails, strained as in agony on her way.

“All hands witness punishment, ahoy!”

At the summons the crew crowded round the main-mast; multitudes eager to obtain a good place on the booms, to overlook the scene; many laughing and chatting, others canvassing the case of the culprits; some maintaining sad, anxious countenances, or carrying a suppressed indignation in their eyes; a few purposely keeping behind to avoid looking on; in short, among five hundred men, there was every possible shade of character.

All the officers—midshipmen included—stood together in a group on the starboard side of the main-mast; the first lieutenant in advance, and the surgeon, whose special duty it is to be present at such times, standing close by his side.

Presently the captain came forward from his cabin, and stood in the centre of this solemn group,

with a small paper in his hand. That paper was the daily report of offenses, regularly laid upon his table every morning or evening, like the day's journal placed by a bachelor's napkin at breakfast.

"Master-at-arms, bring up the prisoners," he said.

A few moments elapsed, during which the captain, now clothed in his most dreadful attributes, fixed his eyes severely upon the crew, when suddenly a lane formed through the crowd of seamen, and the prisoner advanced—the master-at-arms, rattan in hand, on one side, and an armed marine on the other—and took up their stations at the mast.

"You John, you Peter, you Mark, you Antone," said the captain, "were yesterday found fighting on the gun-deck. Have you anything to say?"

Mark and Antone, two steady middle-aged men, whom I had often admired for their sobriety, replied that they did not strike the first blow; that they had submitted to much before they had yielded to their passions; but as they acknowledged that they had at last defended themselves, their excuse was overruled.

John—a brutal bully, who, it seems, was the real author of the disturbance—was about entering into a long extenuation, when he was cut short by being made to confess, irrespective of circumstances, that he had been in the fray.

Peter, a handsome lad about nineteen years old, belonging to the mizzen-top, looked pale and tremulous. He was a great favorite in his part of the ship, and especially in his own mess, principally composed of lads of his own age. That morning two of his young mess-mates had gone to his bag, taken out his best clothes, and, obtaining the permission of the marine sentry at the "brig," had handed them to him, to be put on against being summoned to the mast. This was done to propitiate the captain, as most captains love to see a tidy sailor. But it would not do. To all his supplications the captain turned a deaf ear. Peter declared that he had been struck twice before he had returned a blow. "No matter," said the captain, "you struck at last, instead of reporting the case to an officer. I allow no man to fight on board here but myself. I do the fighting."

"Now, men," he added, "you all admit the charge; you know the penalty. Strip! Quarter-masters, are the gratings rigged?"

The gratings are square frames of barred wood-work, sometimes placed over the hatch-ways. One of these squares was now laid on the deck, close to the ship's bulwarks, and while the remaining preparations were being made, the master-at-arms assisted the prisoners in removing their jackets and shirts. This done, their shirts were loosely thrown over their shoulders.

At a sign from the captain, John, with a shameless leer, advanced, and stood passively upon the grating, while the bare-headed old quarter-master, with gray hair streaming in the wind, bound his feet to the cross-bars, and, stretching out his arms over his head, secured them to the hammock-nettings above. He then retreated a little space, standing silent.

Meanwhile, the boatswain stood solemnly on the other side, with a green bag in his hand, from which taking four instruments of punishment, he gave one to each of his mates; for a fresh "cat," applied by a fresh hand, is the ceremonious privilege accorded to every man-of-war culprit.

At another sign from the captain, the master-at-arms, stepping up, removed the shirt from the pri-

soner. At this juncture a wave broke against the ship's side, and dashed the spray over his exposed back. But though the air was piercing cold, and the water drenched him, John stood still, without a shudder.

The captain's finger was now lifted, and the first boatswain's-mate advanced, combing out the nine tails of his *cat* with his hand, and then, sweeping them round his neck, brought them with the whole force of his body upon the mark. Again, and again, and again; and every blow, higher and higher rose the long, purple bars on the prisoner's back. But he only bowed over his head, and stood still. Meantime, some of the crew whispered among themselves in applause of their ship-mate's nerve; but the greater part were breathlessly silent as the keen scourge hissed through the wintry air, and fell with a cutting, wiry sound upon the mark. One dozen lashes being applied, the man was taken down, and went among the crew with a smile, saying, "D—n me! it's nothing when you're used to it! Who wants to fight?"

The next was Antone, the Portuguese. At every blow he surged from side to side, pouring out a torrent of involuntary blasphemies. Never before had he been heard to curse. When cut down, he went among the men, swearing to have the life of the captain. Of course, this was unheard by the officers.

Mark, the third prisoner, only cringed and coughed under his punishment. He had some pulmonary complaint. He was off duty for several days after the flogging; but this was partly to be imputed to his extreme mental misery. It was his first scourging, and he felt the insult more than the injury.—He became silent and sullen for the rest of the cruise.

The fourth and last was Peter, the mizzen-top lad. He had often boasted that he had never been degraded at the gangway. The day before his cheek had worn its usual red, but now no ghost was whiter. As he was being secured to the gratings, and the shudderings and creepings of his dazlingly white back were revealed, he turned round his head imploringly; but his weeping entreaties and vows of contrition were of no avail.—"I would not forgive God Almighty!" cried the captain. The fourth boatswain's-mate advanced, and at the first blow, the boy, shouting "*My God! Oh! my God!*" writhed and leaped so as to displace the gratings, and scatter the nine tails of the scourge all over his person. At the next blow he howled, leaped, and raged in unendurable torture.

"What are you stopping for, boatswain's-mate?" cried the captain. "Lay on!" and the whole dozen was applied.

"I don't care what happens to me now!" wept Peter, going among the crew, with blood-shot eyes, as he put on his shirt. "I have been flogged once, and they may do it again, if they will. Let them look out for me now!"

"Pipe down!" cried the captain, and the crew slowly dispersed.

Let us have the charity to believe them—as we do—when some captains in the Navy say, that the thing of all others most repulsive to them, in the routine of what they consider their duty, is the administration of corporal punishment upon the crew; for, surely, not to feel scarified to the quick at these scenes would argue a man but a beast.

You see a human being, stripped like a slave; scourged worse than a hound. And for what? For things not essentially criminal, but only made so by arbitrary laws.

## TO ALL OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS:



RIMFUL of excitement and incident as the last month has been, each day turning up topics enough to fill a volume, we must condense our 'pickings and pilings' for the information and entertainment of our readers into two brief pages; therefore we must let slide all events that the industrious editors of daily papers pick up

for their columns and confine ourselves to *morceaux* more properly belonging to magazines. The death of the great Southerner, Calhoun, the talk about disunion, the compromising speeches of Webster, Benton and Clay, and the uncompromising speech of Senator Seward, are tabooed subjects for such humble laborers as ourselves; and as for the trial of Professor Webster, and the divorce case of Mr. Forrest we could not touch such subjects with a pen ten feet long; we must of necessity, therefore, fall back upon our legitimate ground of literary gossip which, happily, is very far being exhausted of interest. The past month has been unusually, perhaps unequally fertile in the production of important native books, among which the *Scarlet Letter* of Hawthorne, published by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, stands out brightly conspicuous.—Mr. Putnam has published Cooper's last novel, the "*Ways of the Hour*," which is not so exclusively satirical as the title seems to promise. The story of the book is a trial for murder and arson, on circumstantial evidence, of a young lady, who is in the end acquitted by the discovery of the real culprit. The scene is laid in the immediate neighborhood of New York, and the time, as the title indicates, is the present; the "*ways of the hour*" which Mr. Cooper brings his sledge hammer to bear upon, are trials by jury, election of judges by the people, and certain social gaucheries which appear to annoy him excessively. If we are not a well-bred and well-behaved people it is no fault of Mr. Cooper's, for he has taken more pains to instruct us in the philosophy of good manners than Lord Chesterfield took with his awkward son. It is a great pity that Mr. Cooper could not be permitted to revisit the earth a hundred years hence and witness the effects of his teachings upon his countrymen. We dare say our descendants will behave much better than their parents, as we cer-

tainly are every way a better behaved and better dressed people than our ancestors. There are some who think otherwise, but we have never yet seen a man or woman willing to adopt the ways of a dead century, except at a masquerade. Mr. Putnam has also published the second volume of Irving's *History of Mahomet* and his followers; and Messrs. Baker & Scribner have issued the long expected life and writings of Alston, the painter and poet. The Harpers have published Melville's "*White Jacket*," the best of all his books, which we have noticed very briefly elsewhere. These are the great original works of the month, and if anybody were now to ask "who reads an American book?" the reply would be, "who reads anything else?" The republications of the month have been very numerous, and among the noticeable ones are the cheap reprint of Lynch's *Expedition to the Dead Sea* by Lea & Blanchard; the third volume of Goldsmith by Putnam; and the second *Latter Day Pamphlet* of Carlyle, simultaneously by the Harpers, of New York, and Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. We hope that before long an International copy-right law will put an end to these unprofitable collisions of publishers, and put the business of publishing books on a secure and respectable footing. Speaking of copy-right reminds us that we saw at a book store in Broadway, a short time since, a petition to Congress, praying for an international copy-right law, which was signed by nearly all the popular authors of America, at the head of which was the honored name of Washington Irving. The friends of the cause should be up and doing, for it only requires concerted action among them to procure the passage of the long-desired law, which will place American and English authors on an equality of privilege. One of the heartiest and most efficient laborers in this important cause, heretofore, has been John Jay, of this city, who, from purely patriotic motives, and a love of the right, which he inherits from his illustrious grandfather, has given much time in making the way straight for the passage of this much needed and most righteous law. Let those who would see justice meted out to the literary benefactors of the great Anglo-Saxon family on either side of the Atlantic, and the literature of their own country elevated, send a petition to Congress that a law may be passed giving to English authors the same privileges in this country that the law of England offers reciprocally to American authors in England; and the wishes of the people, when once fairly expressed, Congress will not dare to disobey. One of the striking evidences of the intimate relations which exist between this country and Great Britain is the almost simultaneous publication in London and New York



of any work of a popular character produced on either side. Thus "White Jacket," and the "Ways of the Hour," both appeared in London and in New York on the same day, and Mr. Putnam is now publishing Dickens's new weekly periodical called "Household Words" on the same day of its publication in London. We believe this is the first instance of an English weekly periodical being republished in this country. English publishers make frequent complaints of the "piracies" committed by our booksellers, but we believe they are, generally, much more honorable, if there be any honor in the business, than the piracies on our literature committed by our brethren on the other side of the water. For instance, in looking over a recent number of the People's and Howitt's Journal, we discovered one of Caroline C—'s pleasant articles taken bodily from our magazine without any acknowledgment whatever of the source whence it was derived. Bentley's Miscellany often contains articles, with changed titles, taken from American works without any credit being given for them; they are, in fact, published as original, as was the essay of Caroline C— in the People's Journal. American periodicals of any pretensions to respectability always give the names of the authors, at least, when they republish articles from foreign magazines. These international pickings and stealings are discreditable and unprofitable to all parties, and we fervently hope that the time is not far off when everybody connected with the great interests of literature, whether as publishers or makers of books, will be compelled by law to follow honest courses.

We received a most amusing letter the other day from an enthusiastic subscriber living away off upon the outer verge of civilization, who gives us the whole "*modus operandi*" of subscribing for Holden's Magazine, a part of which we copy as a formula for the benefit of others at a distance who may wish to subscribe and may not know exactly how to do it. He writes:

"I drew out this sheet of paper, seized hold my pen, and dipped it into the black fluid, and run it along these pale blue lines to you, in order to blaze away for the Magazine to find its way to me. So the next thing I had to do was to pull out a dollar bill and send it with these lines; so I laid it down on this letter and fold it up and seal it, and pay its passage to New York; hoping that in a few days the Magazine will come and tell me what has become of my dollar."

**THE PEN.**—The pen is mightier than the sword, says Bulwer's Richelieu—but the might of either instrument depends very much upon the mightiness of the hand and heart of its wielder. The Pen! We wonder that nobody has written a history of the pen, since its achievements so overshadow those

of every other instrument used by human hands. First it was iron, then quill, then steel, and lastly gold. Would that the products of the pen had grown more golden, and gained in quality with the instrument itself. The statistics of the gold pen if truly given would form a startling chapter in the history of the age. The pen with which we are penning these words has been in constant daily use during the past four years and has yet given no signs of failure; it neither wears out nor corrupts. The cost of steel, or quill pens, for the same time, would have been treble the cost of this pen, which, when unfit for further use, can then be sold for nearly its original cost, as old gold. There are many gold pens in use, but none to equal those made by Messrs. Clark & Beers, of John street, who have very properly labelled their pens Kosuth, after the great champion of Hungarian freedom; and truly pens that bear that honored name should write freely, as we can testify they do.—The pen is mightier than the sword. Korner, in his dying moments, addressed a poem to his sword, and so should the heroes of the pen immortalize the weapon with which they win renown.

The anticipated advent of Jenny Lind in the New World, has created a new era in musical enthusiasm in New York, and, it is said, half a dozen large capitalists have already offered to build concert halls expressly for the Northern Nightingale to warble in. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to our country readers to know that Barnum, who has engaged Jenny for the gratification of us New Worlders, is just now in the process of doubling the size of his always popular Museum.

In the sketch of Rev. Mr. Kirk, in our last number, on the last page of the sketch, the phrase "between the pulpit and the *pen*," should be "between the pulpit and the *pew*." The phrase, "he is attaining that perfection of *writing*," should be "perfection of *oratory*."

We beg leave to commend to the attention of our friends in the South-West our Agent, Mr. NATHANIEL FROST, who will shortly be among them taking notes—of specie-paying banks only—for Holden's Magazine. He is a gentleman of excellent character and may be relied upon in all his statements.

We desire to notify Publishers and Postmasters who are entitled to the bound Vol. of the Magazine for 1849, that a recent order from the Post Office Department at Washington, prohibits all bound books from being sent through the mails. The bound Vols. are ready for those entitled to them, and will be sent in accordance with their instructions. We had, however, sent the bound Vols. to most of the publishers before the new rule was established.

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